

# The TATLER

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London, November 4, 1931

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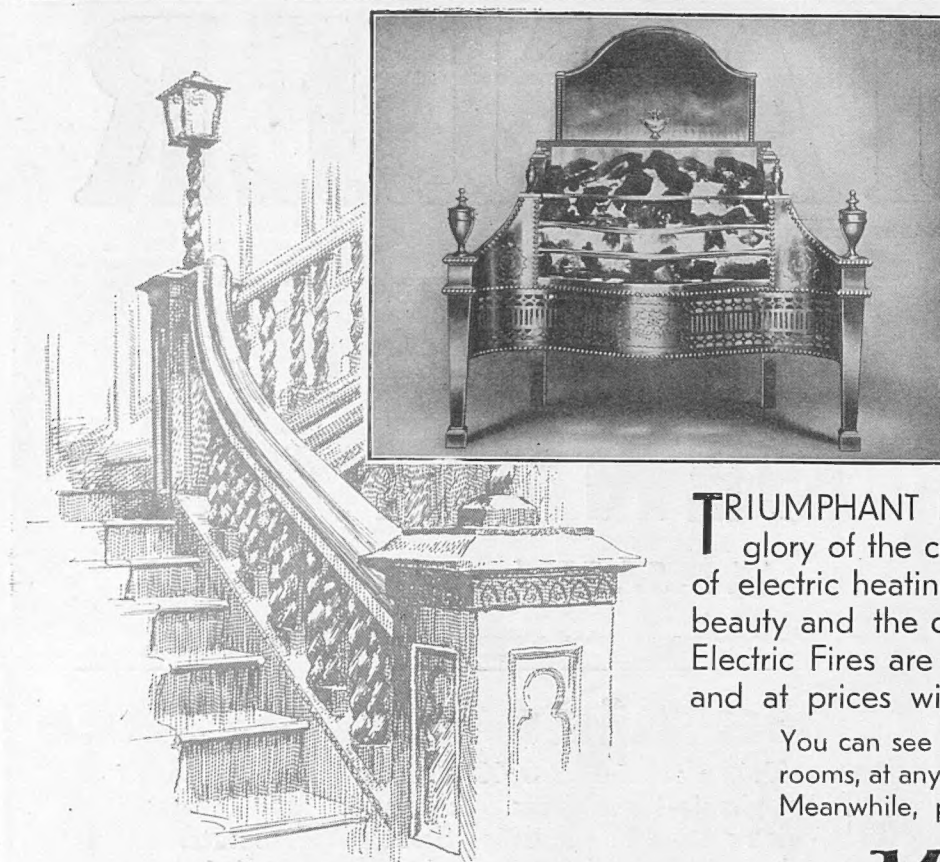
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*Vandyk, Buckingham Palace Road*

## H.M. THE QUEEN AND H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH

Princess Elizabeth is here photographed in the frock she wore on the occasion of her first appearance as a bridesmaid—at the wedding of Lady May Cambridge and Captain Henry Abel Smith. The little bridesmaids' dresses were of a lovely shade of nigella-blue with tiny tight-fitting bodices; their caps were of latticed blue velvet, and they all wore silver shoes. Her Majesty is as devoted to her grandchild as Princess Elizabeth is to her, and this quite unposed picture probably says all that there is to say in this regard



# The Letters of Eve



AT THE SCOTTISH GUN DOG FIELD TRIALS

The Scottish Gun Dog Association held their retriever field trials over Colonel Oliver Haig's Estate, Ramornie, Ladybank, Fifeshire, and this is a group of some of the guns and others who aided and abetted. The names, left to right, are: Mr. H. B. Lanson, Mr. J. L. Somerville, Mrs. Peter Haig, Colonel Oliver Haig, Mr. Peter Haig, the Earl of Eglinton, Mrs. Oliver Haig, Mr. Peter Wilson, and Lieutenant-Colonel Black (standing), and Mr. Victor Lanson

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

"THIS England"—that's the toast, my dear. Aren't you rather proud of your country?

There's so much to tell you I hardly know where to begin, what with the party of the week, the wedding of the year, and the Election of the century. One should, of course, observe chronological order, but as Election Night was such a National affair I think I'll lead off with its celebrations.

Mr. Selfridge's wonderful parties on these occasions have become a tradition, but I don't fancy this particular one will ever be excelled. As usual we followed the all-red carpet route right round the building before getting level (per lift) with our host. He was in quite splendid form, and I thought at one moment he was going to kiss Charlie Chaplin, so delighted was he with the majority calling. Captain Euan Wallace's huge one was the first to come through. His youngest son, Billy, a budding politician of five, has a deep voice and a determined manner, and would certainly poll the greatest number of votes for the most attractive little boy in London.

Delysia created a stir, and Noel Coward was almost mobbed. He looked worn out, I thought, but very happy. For once his slightly bitter smile was missing, and I like him so much better without it! People are betting on his being Sir Noel soon, you know. (*What* a reception the



LADY ALEXANDER AT MARLSTON HOUSE, NEWBURY

Lady Alexander is the wife of Brigadier-General Sir William Alexander, K.B.E., C.B.E., D.S.O., who was elected Member for Central Glasgow in 1923 and 1929, and was re-elected last week with a bumping majority of 10,091



Lafayette

THE HON. ANGELA GREENWOOD

A recent and very attractive portrait of the elder of Lord and Lady Greenwood's two daughters. Lord Greenwood is a former Chief Secretary for Ireland, 1920-22, and Lady Greenwood is a daughter of the late Mr. Walter Spencer of Fownhope Court, Herefordshire

King and Queen got at *Cavalcade*, but you'll have read all about that.)

It struck me that Lady Eleanor Smith had the barest back and Lord D'Abernon the best beard; it might have been permanently waved for the occasion. The Aga Khan's famous smile seemed perfectly circular; Lady Lavery was a study in scarlet and white—white dress and face, vivid lips and hair; Miss Betty Manners wore pink and brought her fiancé; and Lady Dorothy Ashley-Cooper's escort was, almost inevitably, Lord Ivor Churchill.

Miss Degna Marconi looked quite ravishing, and was being admired on all sides. She had come on with Colonel and Mrs. David Lynch from the Carlton Club, where I was told, they had nearly a thousand people for supper.

The Percy Loraines were with her pretty sister, Lady Abingdon, who carried on a triangular conversational contest with Ernest Thesiger and Lord Elmley. Then there were the Readings, the Dufferins, Lord and Lady Desborough, Lady Bridgett Poulett, all in pink frills, the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe, Lady Linlithgow, imposing and magnificent,



Phyllis Neilson-Terry—whose attitude suggested Queen Elizabeth listening in to the result of the Armada—Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger, Sir Gerald du Maurier, Mrs. Roland Cubitt—but why try to complete a list that is unending.

A card of the "runners" complete with pencil had been thoughtfully provided, also marvellous pencil sharpening machines, and (admirable thought) free facilities for telegraphing congratulations to one's successful candidate friends.

Two ball-rooms, three bands, a cabaret starring Nervo and Knox, were there for our entertainment, but many people never left the big hall, where the results were shown with quite incredible celerity, until a massed attack was made on eggs and bacon at 3.30 a.m. The mounds of baby sausages grilling on the buffets were terrifically popular, and it was amusing to watch some of the Dowagers making a dive, with unerring fork, at their particular fancy and transferring it, still sizzling, to their mouths.

We didn't stay till the end, as I wanted to see what was happening at the Savoy. Packed and packed, my dear, and the waiters absolutely *beaming*, so evidently there were other good tips besides Cambridgeshire ones going about. Everyone very hilarious and exceedingly smart. Quantities of (I'm sure) new frocks on view; really a splendid sight. Lady Strathcona wore one of the nicest and looked her very best, which is saying lots. She and her husband had a big party, so did the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, Lord and



A BEMBRIDGE WEDDING: CAPTAIN AND MRS. OLIVER SISMEY

The wedding took place last week at the Bembridge Parish Church, the Bishop of Worcester and the Vicar of Bembridge, Mayor the Rev. H. M. Humphery, officiating. Captain Sisney is in the 60th and is the son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Sisney of Offord Manor, Huntingdonshire, and the bride is the elder daughter of Brigadier General and Mrs. L. F. Philips of Bembridge

Lady Londonderry, and the Duchess of Sutherland—decorative as usual. Mrs. Vyvyan Drury was another star. She and her husband were with the John Fanes. Mr. Percy Chapman's jovial expression, good at any time, was better than ever. And I wondered what M. Chiappe, of the French police, thought of it all. An excellent notion to herald happy returns with a battalion of booming gongs. Many people were still conscientiously taking pencilled notes when we arrived, but by then we felt more like dancing, and we found the ball-room full too. What a wonderful evening!

The Savoy is one of the few places which did not feel the effects of the recent depression (note the determined use of the past tense, my dear), and one never failed to find coveys of famous people there. In the grill-room a few nights before the election I discovered Mrs. Eddy Lascelles with her brother, Captain Oswald Balfour, also the tireless Lady Colefax, who now runs a decorating business with great energy. Lord and Lady Hambleden were also in evidence. He and his brother are serious music lovers who go to every concert they can.

Charles Cochran was having supper with Erich Wolfgang Korngold, who is adapting the music for his next show, *La Belle Hélène*, in which Evelyn Laye will appear.

London has decidedly "gone musical," and Lady Ribblesdale was

complaining bitterly that her house will never hold all the people who mean to come to the next Æolus Concert (on November 10) unless the walls become elastic.

Harking back to the wedding of the year, enough has been said of its obvious beauty, simplicity, pomp and circumstance. All the same, in these days when crowns and coronets do not have everything their own way, "ye absolute olde Englishe atmosphere" at Balcombe church was most refreshing.

Owing to the aforesaid public interest, the two-mile journey to the reception at Brantridge Park was most tedious. In fact, some of the chosen guests only just arrived in time to see the bride and bridegroom "go away."

Once there, however, there was breathing space and room, and an ideal autumnal day threw shafts of sunlight in the right directions and made the golden hair of bridesmaids glint *à merveille*. Honestly, though, these girls did look lovely. I think Miss Kathleen Alington and Miss Imogen Rhys tied for first place, though the junior section got more audible applause.

Princess Elizabeth clearly had a "day out," enjoying herself immensely, and little Jennifer Bevan was quite enchanting.

The Queen looked exactly right and so graciously benign, and the Duchess of York in brown, with a big "crumb-catcher" fur collar, was taking the duties of chief bridesmaid's mother very seriously. Lady Carisbrooke was in brown too, Lady Home and Lady Rachel Howard in black. Lady Mary Herbert

(Continued overleaf)



AT THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE: MISS FERGUSSON AND LORD MILTON

Everyone who went to Newmarket for the Cambridgeshire got his and her money's-worth in full, for it was a first-class day's racing in fair to good medium weather. Lord Milton is Lord Fitzwilliam's son and heir and is in the Greys (Reserve of Officers)



AND ALSO: LADY WOLVERTON AND LORD CHARLES MONTAGU

Even though all the favourites in the big race went down like a lot of nine-pins, Lord Bill being the only prominent one placed, everyone enjoyed the meeting. Lord Charles Montagu is an uncle of the Duke of Manchester and Lady Wolverton is a sister of Lord Dudley





SIR FRANCIS GOODENOUGH

Photographed at the White House, Washington, where he recently paid his respects to President Hoover. Sir Francis Goodenough, who controls many leading British gas concerns and has been an international member of the American Gas Association since 1912, was knighted last year. He is a very keen fisherman

Not a great many people, but that's an advantage, don't you agree? Mrs. Johnnie Player deserved all the notice she got. She really is most awfully pretty, and was very neat in dark blue and a spotted white scarf. Lady Ashley had had much the same idea in clothes.

Lady Chesham wore bright green checks, and Lady Buchanan-Jardine was perhaps more striking than smart in black and white. A brown tweed coat with a vast fox collar trimmed Miss "Baby" Whittaker, while Lady Hillingdon had brought her minks.

All the usual racing men in the finest spirits, particularly Lord Lonsdale, but that's nothing new for him, is it? Noble Star was, naturally, the shining light of the day, having proved once again that distance is no object to him, whether it be at Newmarket, Goodwood, or Ascot.

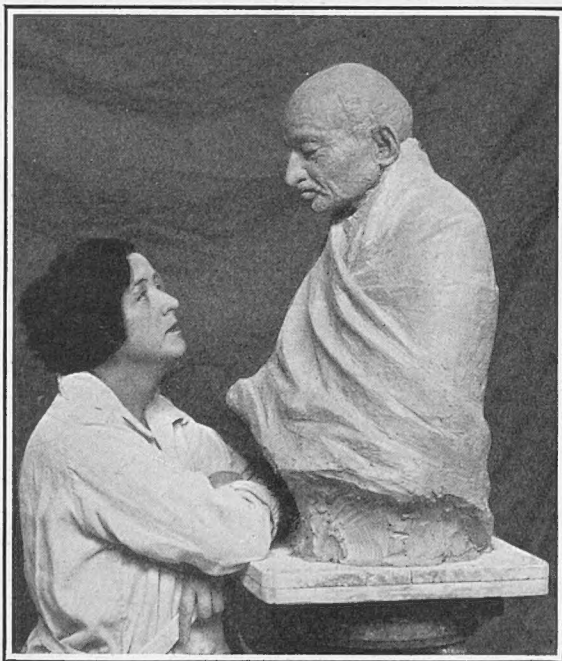
Six months of constant sun is what we all would like. Lady Seafeld, in response to the general patriotic urge, has just come back to London after such a period of lotus-eating in the South of France. Miraculously un-sunburnt; how did she keep that opaque white skin?

Going abroad is, of course, "not done" just now, but the Theodore

seemed taller than usual in red, and both the Duchess of Beaufort and her sister, Lady Helena Gibbs, wore fur coats and blue hats. Mrs. Abel Smith, in black velvet, was not so conspicuous as her important rôle of bridegroom's mother warranted.

No sooner had Lady May got into the car to go away than her husband suggested she should get out again and shake the guard of honour by their individual hands. This she did in the most charming way. By then her blue hat had turned pink with rose petals, chiefly applied by Prince George, who also gave Princess Beatrice a good dose of them whilst waiting. Captain Abel Smith did not escape either, for his collar was stuffed full. And so they went away to roars of cheers and a shouted enquiry from one supporter, who was evidently anxious to leave nothing to chance, of "Have you got any money with you?"

Having given the Cambridgebridgeshire a miss (found I just couldn't face the early start after late night final celebrations) I went to Newmarket on Thursday instead. Quite good fun, though the weather turned nasty after making a particularly promising beginning.



MRS. CLARE SHERIDAN

Studying her latest creation, a bust of Mr. Gandhi, and finding it good. Mrs. Sheridan, author and journalist as well as sculptor, is very travelled, and wherever she goes her chisel perpetuates the features of the famous, while her pen records her impressions of their personalities

## THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

Wessels are planning an all-British trip in their yacht. That is to say, they will be self-contained aboard if they can find a good "sailing" nurse to look after their eighteen-months-old daughter. As the voyage is to the West Indies and liable to last two years one way and another, anyone who takes on the job will have time to get her sea legs.

Among the people who have the good excuse of business to take them overseas is Lord Glenconner, who left last week for Palestine. His wife has gone with him, and as she is rather delicate and he has been working like a beaver in the City the trip ought to do them both a power of good. The head of the Tennant family and of its firm is also a director of several other important concerns, though only just over thirty. Not long ago he bought Admiral's House, a venerable habitation which is actually in Hampstead but has quite the country house air. A largish garden, a squash court, and John Galsworthy as next door neighbour are among its assets.

No mention of the Tennant family is complete without Lady Oxford's name being included. Do you remember that last year she was laid low by a stag in Richmond Park? Well, not long ago at North Berwick she suffered a like misfortune from a different cause. On this occasion her grand-daughter, Cressida Bonham-Carter, and a golf ball were to blame; a bit too much of a good swing, what?

Reverting to the subject of being called abroad officially I hear that one newly-elected candidate found himself rather in a quandary as the result of the overwhelming Nationalization of votes. He had considered his chances of heading the poll so slender that he thought it would be quite safe to accept the offer of an important post out of England. Then came the surprise of his life! Being very conscientious, the question of whether to break faith with his constituents or his contract has troubled him not a little, but, of course, he's got the answer right.

I wonder how the many new recruits to the ranks of women M.P.s will like Parliamentary life. Nice for them to have Lady Iveagh and Lady Astor to show them the ropes. By the way, the latter's daughter, Miss "Wissie" Astor, has tired of this social butterfly business, and is working hard with a small but flourishing firm of house agents. Miss Astor is very much on the spot. She would not easily be taken in by hard-boiled business eggs, and she has a winning way with her which should go down well with clients.

And so Adèle Astaire and Lord Charlie Cavendish have really announced their engagement at last—presumably with the blessing of brother Fred, who always has the last word on matters relating to the Astaire family! It seems a long time since they were over here. They are an amusing pair, very unlike each other. He's always serious and very sad; she's like a bit of quicksilver, never still, and never where you expect her to be. She has a sharp tongue that she can use effectively at times. Well, here's luck to the newly-engaged couple. The terrors of a London fog will be much mitigated by an occasional glimpse, through it, of Adèle's vivid face—and she should like her new home, having a perfect passion for all things that are old. I'll never forget her disappointment when I confessed to her that my own "ancestral" did *not* contain a family ghost!

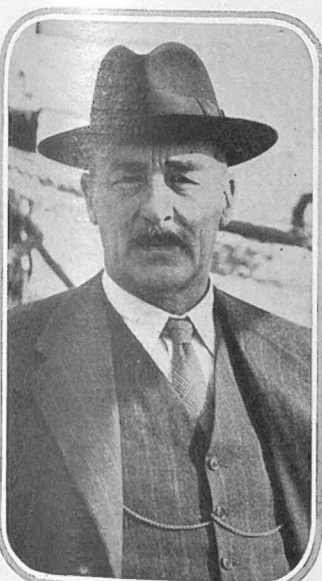
It's time to go and get dolled up for the Castlereagh-Combe wedding, so I must love you and leave you.—EVE.



# THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ATLANTIC



AT NEWARK, U.S.A.: MISS RAQUEL TORRES AND MR. WILLIAM B. LEEDS



THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR: SIR RONALD LINDSAY

A regular fusillade of pictures in this page of various well-known people who are on the other side of the Big Drink. Raquel Torres, who flew from Oyster Bay to the Newark airport to keep an engagement, has denied that she is affianced to Mr. William B. Leeds, former husband of Princess Xenia of Russia. Mr. Cyril McCormack is a son of the renowned Count McCormack, the great tenor, who is now on a big concert tour in the States. He has a place near Dublin and is very keen on racing when not busy singing. H.E. Sir Ronald Lindsay, the British Ambassador to Washington, was snapped aboard the S.S. "Carinthia" on his return from England, where he had been on leave. Sir Arthur Brown and the late Sir John Alcock made the first trans-Atlantic flight in June, 1919, in a Vickers-Vimy machine



ON THE MAJESTIC: MISS CECILY NELSON AND MR. CYRIL MCCORMACK



THE FIRST TO FLY THE ATLANTIC: SIR ARTHUR BROWN AND HIS LITTLE SON, ARTHUR



# The Cinema : Three Films

By JAMES AGATE

**Y**EARS ago, in a comedy by Henry Arthur Jones, the young fop, whose mission in life was to be admonished by Sir Charles Wyndham, protested that he had never felt for the lady of title whose reputation that actor-manager was to save, anything in the nature of physical passion or culpable ardour. To this, in a great burst of indignation, Sir Charles was wont to return an explosive: "Damme, sir, and why haven't you?" I was reminded of this outburst, which always brought down the house, on reading the preliminary literature, or boost, sent out concerning Miss Joan Crawford's new film, *This Modern Age*. The reminiscent passage ran as follows: "Miss Crawford plays the part of a very modern American girl, who is still old-fashioned enough to shrink from the fact that her mother—the divorced relict of a New England puritan—is now living in sin with a naughty and elderly but charming Frenchman." The difficulty is that I am old-fashioned enough to shrink from the fact that anybody's mother can live with a naughty and charming Frenchman in anything but sin! Of course if Miss Mildred Cram, whose story this is, is going to tell me that the hey-day in that matron's blood is tame, and that she just sits toasting like cat

or crumpet before the Frenchman's fire, why then my objections vanish, though I do not see in what way the character can interest me. But given a matron in whose bones, as another dramatist once put it, rebellious Hell can still mutiny, I do not see why she should live with a naughty and charming Frenchman for any reasons except those which Wyndham, with the concurrence of the Victorian Age, applauded. Leastways any contrary supposition is one at which my imagination boggles. I decided, therefore, to give this film a miss despite Miss Crawford's optical charms, and I hasten (1) to admit that the foregoing is extremely unfair, but that (2) publicity-agents when tempting one to inspect their wares would do better to tell either no story at all or the whole of it, and so avoid relation of the foolish half, which is fatal. If the facts are as stated then I can see no reason why any "very modern American girl" should shrink from the fact that her mother has a charming lover, except on the grounds that she wants him for herself. "Pauline Frederick plays magnificently the difficult part of the mother." But what is there difficult about living in sin with a charming Frenchman? The thing has been accomplished with a frequency which suggests that it is comparatively easy. I am afraid that on this occasion I must leave Miss Crawford and Madame Frederick to thrash it out between them. Un-John-Gilpinwise, I shall not be there.

Mr. George Arliss is one of those romantic actors whose personality is so compelling that it lifts them above the necessity for the art of impersonation, though here one has to be very careful. I once saw Coquelin impersonate Cyrano de Bergerac in the afternoon and M. Jourdain the same evening. Neither was in the least like Coquelin himself, for what one calls "Coquelin himself" had no personality of any kind, and would have passed anywhere for an English butler of the best period. Coquelin on the stage was never Coquelin. Now Irving was always Irving in the sense that in that wonderful mask there were twenty Irvings, each differing from the other, but all recognizably a facet of that tremendous personality. Thus, though

Hamlet, Shylock, Louis XI, Mephistopheles, and Waterloo's old dodderer were all completely different, one recognized each as Irving, and felt, too, that if Hamlet, Shylock, Louis and the others were not in their proper persons like Irving, so much the worse for Hamlet, Shylock, etc. Now Ellen Terry made none of these distinctions. There was never, so far as I could see, a pin to choose between any of her characters, all of whom contained the whole of Ellen Terry. And Ellen Terry's charm and grace and personality were such that the playgoer would have fiercely resented, and probably not have tolerated, the suppression of that personality in favour of any other. All her heroines of Shakespearean comedy were sisters, and her Lady Macbeth was as great a dear as any of them. One felt that there was just as much of the serpent of old Nile about her Lady Cecily Waynflete as there would have been about Antony's mistress if she had played her who, of course, would have become Cleo-sit-by-the-Fire. One felt that these things were right, just as to-day one feels that Mr. Arliss is right in continuing to present the same unchanging exposition of the Arliss charm. This well-graced actor attempts no disguise, perhaps because

with that nose disguise is impossible. His Indian Rajah is Old English with a dash of walnut juice; his American millionaire undergoing a rest-cure is only Disraeli in some other togs. In his new film now at the New Gallery he pretends to be Alexander Hamilton, a charming fellow who founded the American Constitution and who remains Mr. Arliss, which would also happen if the actor were pretending to be George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Mr. Hoover, or Al Capone. I make no complaint, merely saying that the thing is as stated and inviting contradiction. The film is a pretty one and thoroughly "nice." It ends with Hamilton looking forward to the newer, better America of the future.

This gave me the notion of trotting over to the Leicester Square Theatre to see how much better new America had

become. There I saw *Bad Company*, a really frightening film about gangsters done with actuality and a complete absence of false romanticism except, of course, for Miss Helen Twelvetrees. Mr. Ricardo Cortez gives a first-class impersonation of a suave, over-polished, and vulgar thug, who can kill seven men before dinner, and then when his butler cuts his thumb refuses dinner in a fret, on the ground that he can't eat with all that blood about! This brutal picture should be seen by everybody if only for the fact that it knocks the sentimental bottom out of a state of things which even Hollywood begins to regard as revolting, except, of course, that Miss Twelvetrees tries her best to keep that bottom in. She appeals for our sympathy on the ground that a modern American girl can be the sister of one gangster and the wife of another without the remotest notion of what business either is engaged in. She is given a wedding which must have cost the whole of £10,000, and at which every East-side thug is present, and still she does not tumble to the fact that her menfolk are not respectable tradespeople in the cloak-and-suit business, or whatever it is that makes American tradesfolk respectable. Well, I don't believe it. I believe that gangsters' wives are wideawake trollops, who . . . But my space has run out!



DOROTHY LEE KEEPING FIT

The film star, more than the follower of any other profession, dare not lose its, his, or her shape, and Dorothy Lee, who is a pretty little R.K.O. Radio Pictures' actress, is here snapped playing a bit of badminton in her Hollywood back-garden



## THE CAMERA'S LATEST CONTRIBUTION



MISS ADELE ASTAIRE *Dorothy Wilding*

The news of Miss Adèle Astaire's engagement to Lord Charles Cavendish, who is a younger son of the Duke of Devonshire, came from New York on October 22, and apparently did not create as much surprise over there as it did here. Miss Astaire and her brother, Mr. Fred Astaire, are very well known and well liked in London, where they first burst upon us in 1923 in "Stop Flirting" at the Shaftesbury. Besides being a super-excellent dancer Miss Astaire is a clever comedienne. She is at present playing in "The Band Waggon" at the New Amsterdam Theatre, and the wedding is to take place when the run is over. Miss Astaire will then retire from the stage and she and her husband propose to settle down in Ireland. Lady Marion Philipps is the younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Strathmore. Mr. R. H. Philipps, who is on the Stock Exchange, is a son of Sir Laurence Philipps, Bart. The very pleasing picture of the Earl and Countess of Strathmore is a more or less recent one and was taken at Glamis



LADY MARION PHILIPPS AND HER SON, JEREMY *Miss Compton Collier*



THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF STRATHMORE

*Lafayette*



# Parties and Politics : By PETER PINDAR

LAST week we went into the recent history of politics, summarized in the statistics of elections. I showed that the Socialists had risen to power by reason of the division of what they call the bourgeoisie into two parties, so that there were three parties in the State—Conservatives, Liberals, and Socialists. The result was "lobbying" between Liberals and Socialists and a Socialist Government representing a minority of the electors. I suggested that these elections would show a return to the two-party system. I was wrong; they have gone beyond that; what we have now is, as near as possible, a one-party system. The Government have returned with a majority of roughly five hundred; the Socialist residuum is under sixty. There can hardly be said to be any longer an Opposition. There was never anything quite like it.

In 1906 the Conservatives were reduced to about a third of their former strength, but they still stood at 134, or, with the Liberal Unionists 157, and the Liberals, at the top of their strength, were only 376. The nearest approach to the present position was in 1918, when the Coalition stood at 483 and Labour at 59, but in that case there were 50 Independent Unionists and 29 Independent Liberals. The Coalition itself was different in its composition, for it contained 334 Unionists, 136 Liberals, and 13 Labour men. On the whole, then, 1918 gives us the nearest thing to a parallel with the present position.

Our way of Government rests not upon totals of heads polled, but upon constituencies. If it were otherwise the Government would have only a two-thirds majority, for whereas they polled 14½ million votes there were 7½ million votes against them. In 1929, if we had merely counted heads instead of constituencies, the Socialists were over represented; in 1931 on the same system the Socialists are under represented. But in politics as in cricket we cannot go changing the rules of the game to suit the defeated party. Constituencies, not aggregates, are the basis of our Government, and there is a great deal to be said for the system. As the Socialists did not quarrel with it in 1929, when it suited them, they can hardly quarrel with it now when it goes against them. All the same, it is well worth remembering that they polled in these elections 6½ million votes, and that there were 7½ million votes cast against the National Government. There is, that is to say, a solid core of Socialism left in the country.

In 1929, 8,400,000 electors voted Socialist, so that even if we go by aggregates the Socialists have dwindled by about 1,650,000 votes. This is a heavy drop but it is by no means obliteration. It is really the Liberal party that has suffered most in these elections. In 1929 they had 5,300,000 votes, and were a solid party. In 1931 they are split into three with a total of under 2,200,000 votes. The Liberal Nationals under Sir John Simon are not very far behind the National Liberals under Sir Herbert Samuel. As for the Independent Liberals, they are reduced almost to a single family, like Noah's, and their Ark, with the personal fund on board, rests on the topmost peaks of Snowdonia. It does not look to me as if the Liberals could ever be a party again, standing on their own feet. There are in the country still two parties; but in the House of Commons, for the time being, there is only one.

Save for George Lansbury and Sir Stafford Cripps and James Maxton and their handful of followers, the places of the Socialists in the House of Commons know them no more. What brought about the amazing change? There are many explanations, but the chief of them, I believe, was what I called last week the Great Fright. As in 1914 so in 1931. The herd was brought together by a thunderstorm. In 1914 the menace came from abroad, in 1931 it came from at home. The Socialists had spent and gone on spending, with a diminishing income piling up an increasing liability, until the country was visibly on the very edge of ruin. The gold was flowing out of the Bank of England in a steady stream; the unemployed were increasing by many thousands a week; there was no money left to pay the dole beyond the middle of November; the resources of the Treasury were exhausted, and foreign bankers refused further loans; there was a visible and yawning deficit both in the finances of the State and the balance of trade, and it really looked as if the Nation might no longer be able to import its food and its raw materials. In plain language, starvation lay ahead. It was the sudden revelation of these stark realities, as a flash of lightning might reveal an iceberg ahead to those on board a great liner, that shocked and jarred a great part of the Nation out of their ordinary politics. They realized the crisis; they looked to those who could help them.

Then they saw, as it were, on the deck and on the bridge, the officers and crew divided into two bands, those who worked to save the ship and those others, "the quitters," as they have come to be called, who wanted to break open the hatches, get at the liquor, and go down in one last carouse. For that is what the "nationalization" of the banks really meant. The British Nation, with the instinctive courage that has made it great, did not hesitate between the two; it rallied as always to leadership. The doom of the Socialist party was sealed from the moment it was seen that they had run away.

We are too apt to forget, in these modern and complicated times, that the foundations of human nature remain exactly the same as when we were a tribe fighting for our existence among the frozen forests of Northern Europe. In a crisis it is now, as then, manhood that counts. It may be an awful thought, but it is a brutal reality that a modern nation, as much as a tribe of the Stone Age, might come to starve by faults of leadership. It has happened to other nations in modern times; it might happen to us. It is calculated that at least 20,000,000 people died in the Russian Revolution. A friend of mine who met President Masaryk in London just after the war got a ghastly account from that statesman of what he had seen on the Volga a short time before. There were, he calculated, 6,000,000 refugees—men, women, and children—who were receiving, when he left them, a cup of thin soup per day. Even of that, only a little remained. They were, said the President, all doomed to die—and they did die.

In a great crisis, such as war, people judge simply and instinctively. They look for men who are standing up to things and they follow them. They saw that the Prime Minister and a handful of his colleagues were behaving like men; they saw that the Conservatives and the Liberals were rallying to their assistance; and they saw that the Socialists, who had been entrusted with the Government, had deserted their duty. Such was the broad and simple situation which worked itself out like a drama before an enormous house of the whole nation. When the elections came the thing was already decided. Most of the politicians did not know it, but the nation had made up its mind. And the events of the election confirmed this pre-election judgment. It was all crystallized in the icy scorn of Mr. Snowden for his late colleagues. The contempt of that formidable little man seemed to issue from him like an arctic blizzard. It withered and shrivelled his late colleagues, and they went down before it as if they were stricken with the frost-bite.

If the Prime Minister had not had the courage to stand for Seaham, where his chances were thought hopeless, things would not have gone nearly so well for him in the rest of the country. There again it was courage that counted. People saw him tossed and battling in a raging crowd of his opponents, and instinctively they ran to his assistance, not so much in his own as in every constituency. So it was with J. H. Thomas. He had been rather vilely treated; his pension had been taken away from him; he had been taunted with his approaching down-fall; his old comrades hacked his shins and spat in his face. If he had run away from Derby he would have found no refuge anywhere; as he had the courage to stand, he won.

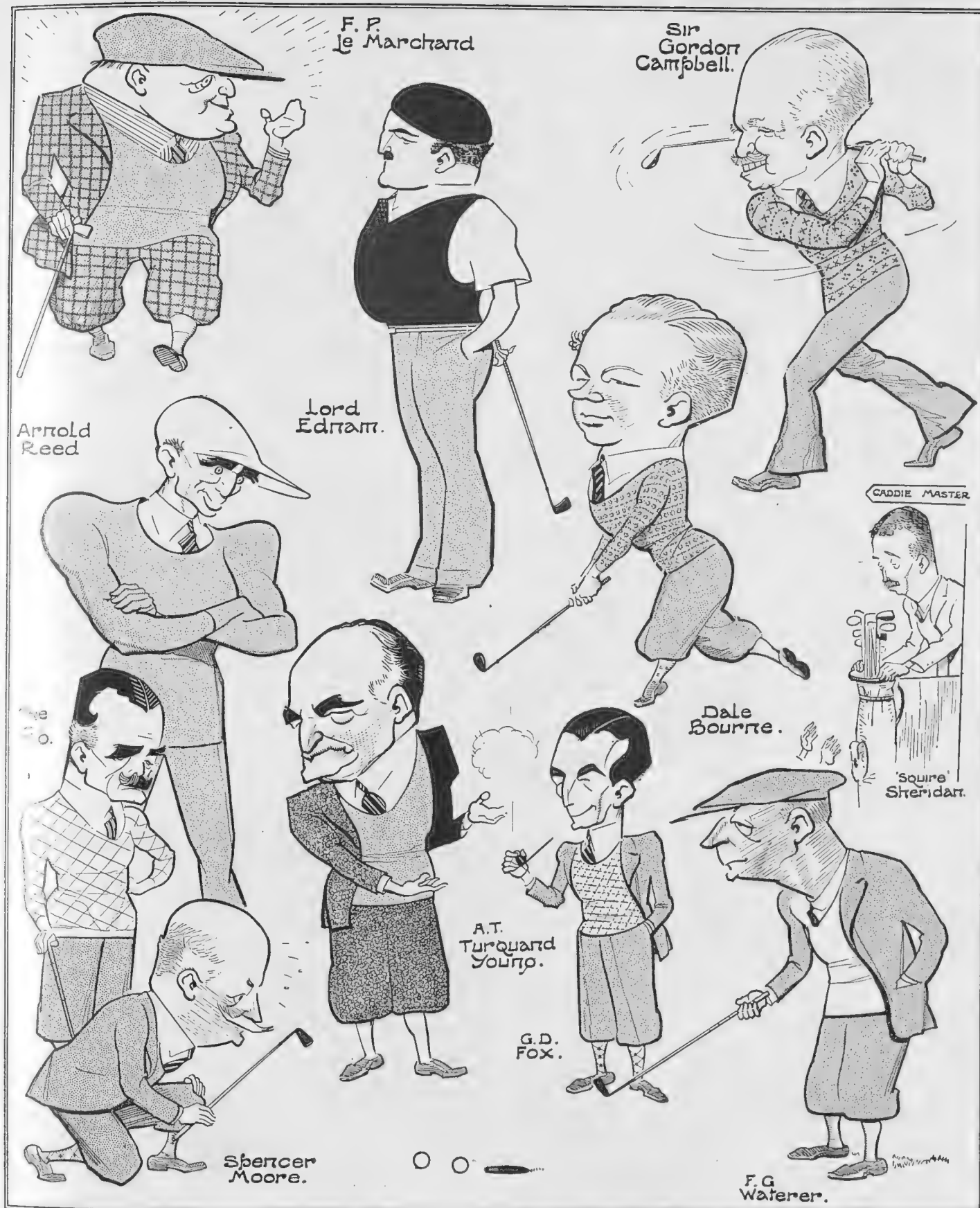
On the other hand, at Burnley, the heart of the elector went out to the sailor, who blew in, so to speak, seeing a fight handy, and tackled the leader of the Opposition. Thus everywhere the human factor was with the Government.

There were, of course, many other considerations. One which has not been much noticed was the dislike of the working man for the degradation of Industrial Employment Insurance. Those workmen, honest, self-respecting, hard-working, who pay their contributions, as they were used to pay their old friendly society when they were in work and took their relief as a matter of right when they were out of work, deeply resented the way in which the late Government had stretched the unemployment fund out of all honesty into the bankruptcy court. The Socialists had come to stand not for the good but for the bad workman, and in the result there must have been more working men who voted for the Government than for the Opposition.

Whatever the reasons the result is manifest. A combination mainly Conservative fills almost the whole House in support of a Government which is given powers of dictatorship; there being practically no opposition, a Mussolini himself does not wield less disputed authority than the Government of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. How will they use it? If they are wise they will continue to be National.



## A SUNNINGDALE GALLERY



## SOME OF THE CELEBRITIES—BY FRED MAY

Sunningdale needs no trumpeter where the assemblage is one of golf enthusiasts because it is recognised as one of the pleasantest courses in all England. It also enjoys the distinction of Royal patronage, as H.R.H. the Prince of Wales plays there very frequently, and was doing so with Lord Ednam on the day these deathless impressions were collected. Dale Bourne and Arnold Reed are golfers who possess names with which to conjure. Sir Gordon Campbell, K.B.E., who is a very familiar figure at Sunningdale, is, amongst many other pre-occupations, Chairman of W. Weddel and Co., Ltd.





Pollard Crowther  
BARBARA CARTLAND (MRS. A. G. MCCORQUODALE)

Whose latest contribution to the bookstalls is "Sweet Punishment." This brings her total of novels to five, and she also has a play and a revue to her credit, no mean achievement at the age of twenty-nine. Mr. A. G. McCorquodale's wife is very good company and the best possible value at a party

comfort. To sit upon a cloud and sing might easily be most exciting—for you, if not for the other angels; but to sit upon a cloud singing eternally—could anything be more unutterably dull? And so, when people say to me: "How perfectly gorgeous it must be to read all the new books," I don't explain to them that most often it is merely "drab," since those who haven't to do so wouldn't understand, and explanations are always tedious which have to be given in detail to people who can't even understand the first argument. Even love, which most people consider to be the height of joy, can become a bore if it has to be indulged in as an invitation, not as an inclination. And, when you come to consider it, how very few books, plays, pictures, so little music can, as it were, enforce the mood against your immediate predilection. How many times, for example, you would prefer to listen to jazz rather than Beethoven? On the other hand there are an equal number of moments in which you would like to throw every saxophone player and all the kind of music he stands for into the nearest furnace, instrument and all. In the same way Jane Austen may, or may not, be preferable to Edgar Wallace and Maud Goodman—that landlady's Great Master—appeal to your emotional lassitude for the moment rather than Turner or Botticelli. Just as, I am convinced, people belong to certain religious sects rather by temperament than by conviction, so the joy of almost anything must wait upon the mood to fully satisfy the needs of the "soul." I love reading. Nevertheless there are certain times when I sincerely hope that there will be no book-shops in Heaven; others, when I can see no divine reason why book-shops, gardens, animals, art, and music should not be part of the Life Everlasting just as much as He Who Fulfilled all the Commandments and whose Faith might, given the desire, have removed mountains. And, to repeat: How few books there are which *create* the mood in you when actually your desires yearn for some joy outside, rather than within, two stiff covers. Nevertheless, two new publications this week convinced me that reading can be one of the everlasting joys, even though the delight of one attended on the pleasure created by the other. The books in question are Mr. John Drinkwater's first volume of his own autobiography, "Inheritance" (Benn. 10s. 6d.), the other Mr. R. C. Sherriff's first novel, "The Fortnight in September" (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.). Two such delightful books in one week I count—Irish though it may sound—a red-letter day in my life as a reviewer. Only one complaint have I against Mr. Drinkwater. Should any writer of his own life take you up to only his fifteenth year and then leave you wanting more until such time as a further fifteen years have been added to his story? Moreover, in my own case, he left me just as he was about to start as a junior clerk in the Nottingham branch of the Northern Assurance Company. A bitter disappointment, because Nottingham is my

# With Silent Friends

By RICHARD KING

## Two Enchanting Books.

THE joy of reading, the joy of going to a theatre, the joy of listening to music and sitting alone with your own thoughts before a beautiful picture; in fact the joy of doing almost anything is only really joyful when your delight can wait upon the mood. Otherwise too often tedium can rob almost any pleasure of its satisfying

own native town and, as we grow older, instinctively we return in spirit to the environment we knew when we were young. However, such a complaint is purely personal, and perhaps I only dragged it in so that, knowing how a reviewer should also criticize, I felt it my duty to complain about something; otherwise, the whole book enchanted me from beginning to end. I had always wanted to find a biography of an obscure family, believing that it would hold quite as much, perhaps more, human history than the history of a man whose aunt, metaphorically speaking, was Lady-in-Waiting to Queen Charlotte, and whose great-great- (and as more as are required) grandfather was wounded in the back at the Battle of Agincourt. I yearned to read the life-story of the ancestors of Mr. Bung the Butcher, considering that their trials, tragedies, ups-and-downs of fortune would approximate nearer to my own. And so the charm of Mr. Drinkwater's superb account of his own family fortunes conjures up, by means of old letters, old stories, information hardly come by, a vivid picture of the Old Days when one branch of the Drinkwaters used to run coaches from Oxford to London, and another branch were yeoman farmers of the good old British stock. In his tireless efforts to trace back the character and personality of some of his forbears, I became as interested as Mr. Drinkwater himself. And thus his book, while being the reminiscences of his own childhood, is also a history of his parents and their ancestors from the nineteenth back into the eighteenth century. And because he is so interested and curious about them himself we catch quite naturally his curiosity. And, if you may think—listening to most people talking about their aunts and great-aunts, their parents and their grand-parents, and remembering how dull they can be—that Mr. Drinkwater is also likely to be boring, let me tell you that, strange as it may sound, he manages to make his ancestors and relations *yours* for the time being, so charmingly does he conjure back the past, so interested, psychologically speaking, is he in the character, good, less good, and indifferent, of those who were his forbears. Thus we are taken back to a world of the 'nineties when he himself was a boy, and farther back still into a world when trains running at twenty miles per hour made passengers sick by the pace of them; and before that, again, when coaches clattered along the roadways and "news" arrived sometimes weeks after the event. And so the book is also a voyage down the years as well as a personal autobiography, plentifully illustrated by old photographs of ladies in lace caps crowning enormous chignons, and gentlemen, young and old, sitting or standing stiffly in garments indisputably for Sundays and funerals only. And to think that out of this sturdy yeoman stock emerged Mr. Drinkwater's father who became an actor, and Mr. Drinkwater himself, famous author and playwright! His book is fascinating to a degree, written with a charm which makes quite commonplace events personal to the reader, and consequently interesting; I might easily add lovable. I myself await impatiently the second, as well as all the later, volumes of his life.



MR. THORNTON WILDER

## Stray Thoughts from "Inheritance."

Nothing refreshes the spirit so surely as the escape from Nature afforded by art, but escape it is.

"Men may climb to the mountain-tops, but they live in the valleys."

The brilliant American author whose "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" was a best-seller in two continents. His new publication, "The Long Christmas Dinner and Other Plays," is due shortly. Mr. Wilder is a schoolmaster by profession and took degrees at both Yale and Princeton

(Continued on p. 184)



# FURTHER OUTLOOK—NONE ISSUED

By GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.



Verger (to Vicar, who has just made a broadcast of his sermon): Beg pardon, sir, but the weather's got tuned into the church!



## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

## An Epic of Obscure Folk.

Just a family living in a row of cheap houses at Dulwich—front room, back room, three bedrooms, and a length of garden at the back relentlessly oblong. Mr. Stevens, clerk in a London office; his elderly, dowdy, but efficient wife; their children, Dick aged seventeen, Mary aged twenty, and Ernie at the tiresome age of about ten. The background, Bognor—which I always think sounds ominously drab even with Regis tacked on to it. But out of this simple material Mr. R. C. Sherriff has in his first novel, "The Fortnight in September" (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.), made up a story which is less like a story than the inspired history of all obscure people, the people who work hard, behave themselves, bring up a family decently and well—live, die, and are forgotten. I know not if there be degrees in universality; but this I do know, that if, perhaps, his play, *Journey's End*, was more majestic in its universal appeal, his novel, "The Fortnight in September," is equally a work of art. The details of this little holiday by the Stevens family to Bognor is so marvellously true to the details of all such holidays undertaken by all such families (and by you and me as well) that long before half-way through the book it is not only Mr. and Mrs. Stevens, Mary, Dick, and little Ernie who are free and happy for just this fortnight of any year, but I was there as well, not in spirit only, but miraculously a member of the household which sat down to dinner in poor Mrs. Huggett's forlorn sitting-room at "Seaview." Also, I was with them in all their griefs and pleasures, their temptations, their financial troubles and their spiritual trials, and at last it did not seem as if the Stevens family were characters in a book at all, but real people living real lives, with all that more engrossing intimacy which belongs only to reality, so rarely to fiction. The whole book, indeed, is a picture of life itself drawn with apparent unconsciousness. As Miss G. B. Stern writes in her comment, "Only a really fine artist can achieve this." Mr. Sherriff has certainly achieved it. I count "The Fortnight in September," within its limits, a perfect achievement. It touches the human heart because it touches on common human experiences.

## Stray Thoughts from "A Fortnight in September."

The man on his holidays might have been, the man he could have been, had things worked out a little differently."

"A strange feeling, touched with sadness, comes over you as you enter a room that whispers the memories of a chain of years."

"All families who live together a great deal are like the Stevens in this respect; they unconsciously develop two separate personalities—one for the family use, the other for use with strangers. The family one is restrained below their natural selves; the one revealed to strangers is inclined to be jaunty and artificially buoyant."

## A Book of Ghosts.

"When Churchyards Yawn" (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.), a series of "ghost" stories compiled by Lady Cynthia Asquith, is not the kind of volume to pick up late at night when all the rest of the family have gone to bed; even less when you are quite by yourself. Not that they are actually ghost stories in the old-fashioned sense. Rather they are a series of stories in which occult influences play a larger part than the mere terror of a chain-and-skeleton "haunt." Hugh Walpole, Shane Leslie, Arthur Machen, Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, and Lady Cynthia herself are among the fifteen contributors, and, if it be true that "suggestion" is far more terrifying than any actual image, then I count Mr. Machen's and Mr. Leslie's the best; although, for sheer awfulness, Elizabeth Bowen's story of a girl who danced unconsciously with a dead man is the most ghost-like of all. This is certainly a most enjoyable volume of sustained horror.

## Christ as Hero.

I confess that Mr. D. H. Lawrence is an author I admire only at odd moments. There are times when, apart from his always clear-cut literary style, it does seem to cast a bright light on the more obscure profundities. There are other, and these the more frequent, alas! when his books give me the impression of the buzzing of a neurotic wasp. "The Man Who Died" (Secker. 6s.), the last story his publishers tell us upon which he worked, is definitely a D. H. Lawrence transcription of what might have been an interesting, even a beautiful theme. The hero—although

his name is not actually mentioned—is Christ risen. A Christ weary of preaching. A Christ determined, now that he has escaped from the tomb, to live the life of an ordinary man among other ordinary men; as they live, yet apart. And the story, being by Lawrence, immediately becomes

of the flesh actual. Not in any gross sense. But in the sense that love, which is also of the flesh, transcends the purely spiritual urge, reaching in its ephemeral ecstasy the glory of divine creation. Many people may find the book offensive. But it is only offensive when you realize that "The Man Who Died" is no mere symbolical figure.



MR. ADRIAN BOULT AT THE B.B.C.

By Autori

A sketch collected on the spot and therefore of all the greater value. Mr. Adrian Boulton, who is a Fellow of the Royal College of Music, has been Musical Director of the Birmingham City Orchestra since 1924 and after Westminster, "The House," being President of the Oxford University Musical Club during the latter period, proceeded to the Leipzig Conservatorium. Since then he has conducted almost every well-known orchestra, including the London Symphony, Queen's Hall, and Albert Hall



(1883) ROYAL VICTORIAN FURNISHINGS: Princess Beatrice, Queen Victoria's favourite daughter, in her private room at Osborne, shortly before her marriage to Prince Henry of Battenberg



(1891) "SOCIETY IN THE ROYAL ENCLOSURE AT ASCOT"  
By Arthur Hopkins, R.W.S.



(1870) QUEEN MARY SIXTY YEARS AGO: "A morning drive in a goat cart for Princess Mary and her brother, Adolphus, in the grounds of White Lodge, Richmond. Francis, the new baby born this year to the Duke and Duchess of Teck, is in his mother's arms." (Engraved by W. Small, from a photograph by W. and D. Downey)

## "OUR FATHERS"—THEIR MANNERS AND MORALS

"Our Fathers," which has just been published by Messrs. Heinemann, is a most intriguing collection of old woodcuts, the large majority of them taken from the files of "The Graphic" and embellished with an adequate measure of letterpress by the present Editor of that paper, Mr. Alan Bott. If ever the saying "that every picture tells a story" were true it is so in this amusing collection. It is almost impossible to believe that we looked and walked and talked like that so comparatively few years ago. This will be said by, perhaps, 1961 of 1931. It is a good bit of work to have rescued all these old illustrations from files which are not accessible to us all, and the book has already had a gratifying success



(1889) CHURCH PARADE IN HYDE PARK: "Fashion pronounces it to be bad form to ride or drive on Sundays in the Park, and the laws of Fashion are usually more readily obeyed than the laws of Moses, though, in this particular instance, they happen to agree. Walking, however, is the correct thing, and for many years past it has been a pleasant custom for the denizens of the adjacent Belgravian streets to meet after church near the Achilles Statue, and exchange friendly greetings"



(1886) NELLY FARREN, CONNIE GILCHRIST, AND PHYLLIS BROUGHTON: "Miss Farren's 'Ariel' with her sprightly grace and the brilliant sparks of electric lighting upon her wings, went far to atone for many shortcomings in Mr. Burnand's new extravaganza, 'Ariel,' at the Gaiety"





THE OLD ALLENYIANS' GREAT SIDE

R. S. Crisp

In the recent encounter with Rosslyn Park (team in other picture) the Old Alleynians disclosed themselves as a great side with a first-class pack. They won all the way, finishing up 33 to 9 (6 goals and a try to two penalties and a try), and every man in the side pulled his weight, especially Whiteley the back. The names in this group, left to right, are: Back row—C. Hewett, J. MacCallum, G. Bethell-Jones, K. R. Pettifer, G. E. Hyson, G. D. Griffith, G. E. Dewey, K. E. W. Andreae, G. P. Jordan (secretary); front row—T. L. Foster, R. S. Hellier, E. C. P. Whiteley, A. F. Heppenstall (captain), A. M. Dixon, D. H. Frankford, J. E. Pettifer

TWICKENHAM again next Saturday to see the Combined Services attempt to check the South African run of victories. There was an idea at one time that the Services might do the trick, and possibly the hope still exists, but it is no longer an expectation. The Woolwich trial proved that some of those men on whom most reliance had been placed had lost much of their form, and so their places know them no more. It is a new Services side, and it is not as formidable as its sponsors hoped it would be.

Still it is not exactly weak, and the forwards should make a good show even against the powerful tourists. And that is the first requisite for any team which hopes to put up a respectable opposition; the run-away victories of the tour have been gained against distinctly feeble packs. The game v. London was an example, and the North has provided its quota of almost unresisting victims. The Services should avoid this mistake, and then the game may be more or less evenly contested.

Although W. W. Wakefield refereed regularly all last season, it was only the other day that I came across him for the first time in charge of a match, and naturally I watched him with a good deal of interest. A great player is not necessarily a successful referee, as has been proved over and over again, but "Wakers" delivers the goods. He has, of course, all the physical advantages and he knows all there is to know about Rugger. More than that, he is quick in the uptake, and can distinguish between the important and unimportant, the rock on which so many officials come to grief. I particularly liked his interpretation of the "vantage" rule, he is always careful to give it a run.

On the same day another famous player was officiating in a match on a ground close by, and he, too, made good. This was H. L. V. Day, the old England international and man of many clubs, who, like B. H. Black against Wales last season, once saved England from defeat by sensational kicking of penalty goals. Day has been a great all-round athlete, and he, too, should make a valuable referee. It is not so difficult as it was a few years ago for new men to obtain recognition, and ability will tell. One of the best of the younger school is J. Bott, who has already made a name for himself, and should do much valuable work.

It seems a pity that the daily press do not make a point of mentioning the referee's name; he is entitled to more appreciation than he gets, and besides it might serve as a useful warning. There are certain officials who whistle too much and often at the wrong time, and their

# A Rugby Letter

By "HARLEQUIN"

matches could be avoided if their names were made public.

The Wasps made history the other day by defeating the London Scottish, scoring a goal and a try to a penalty goal. There was no fluke about it either; the better side won, after making any allowance for the fact that the Scottish lost the services of their scrum-half, G. McLaren, for three parts of the game. The wonderful record of The Wasps last season, when they were undefeated, is common knowledge, and after seeing this game it was easy to understand their success. They are a real team, they work well together, and they are wonderfully fit. They will give any side a good game, and would be an attraction on any fixture list.

Their star in the Scottish match was J. Saunders, who gave a wonderfully sound display at full back. He made no mistakes and kicked a fine length, whilst some of his clearances were positively brilliant. His opposite number, R. W. Langrish, the Scottish International, was hardly at his best, which made Saunders' success the more noticeable.

The Wasps were naturally delighted at their win, which was very popular with many of the crowd. They were actually applauded as they came off the field, a rare happening in the classic shades of Richmond. It was quite pleasing to see and hear a certain amount of enthusiasm again, especially in a club match, for too often nowadays most of the proceedings take place almost in silence. Either there is not so much keenness about, or the teams play better football. But there are still grounds where the most stupid and ineffective kick into touch is sure of a round of applause, provided it is by the home side.

We have heard a good deal about the Universities this season, and what powerful sides they have. It is early days yet, of course, and they have been unlucky in the matter of accidents, but to the ordinary observer there seems little prospect of their being much stronger than last year. Even so, however, they may give us a far better match, indeed they cannot well provide a duller entertainment than that of last December. Had it not been for the glamour attaching to all inter-University contests it would have been rated only slightly better than that dreadful England v. Scotland game of March, 1930.



THE ROSSLYN PARK XV

R. S. Crisp

The team which was decisively defeated by the Old Alleynians (33 to 9) at the Old Deer Park, Richmond. The names, left to right, are: Back row—H. L. V. Day (referee), J. S. Standerwick, N. B. Hunter, M. Eisdell, R. A. J. Fenez, J. C. B. Bryson, W. C. Thomas, R. J. Fawcett, H. W. Moody, H. A. Burlinson (hon. sec.); front row—C. E. Walters, R. B. Skinner, R. G. Forbes-Bassett, P. T. Cooper (captain), F. S. Kendall, A. K. Woodhouse, J. S. Lewis

## TWO RECENT PORTRAITS OF PEOPLE WELL KNOWN



LADY MARGARET ALEXANDER

*Lenarc*

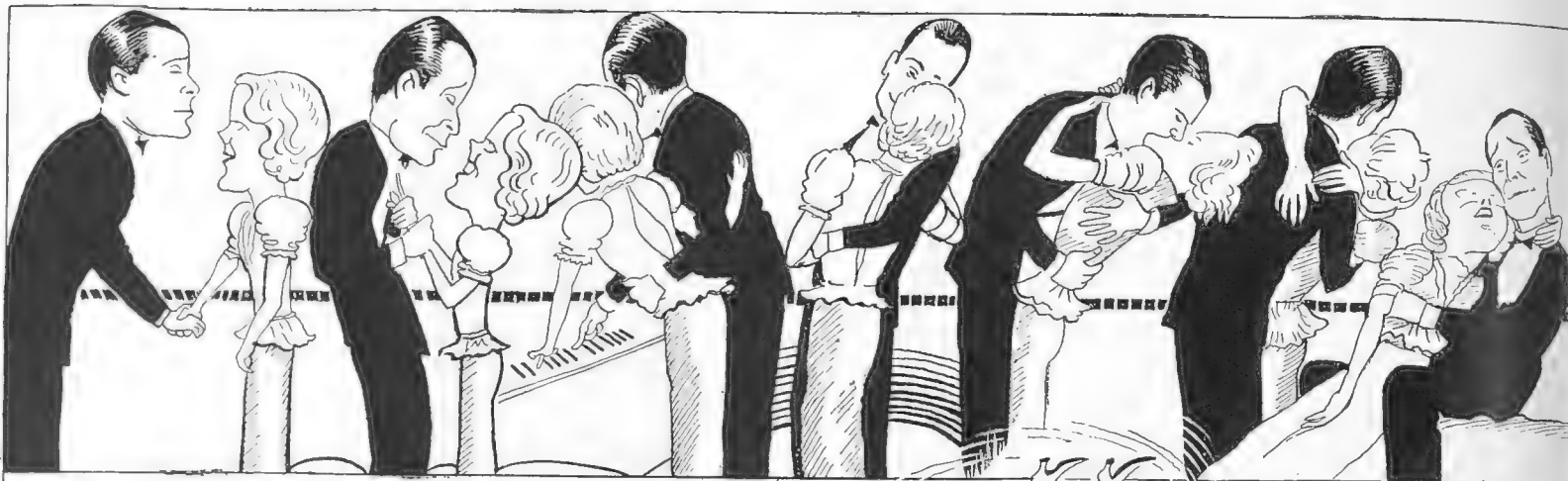
This portrait of Lady Margaret Alexander was taken in her wedding dress. She was married on October 14 at the Guards' Chapel to Colonel the Hon. Harold Alexander, a colonel in the Irish Guards and the second brother of the Earl of Caledon. During the war he achieved something like a record, for he was over the top thirty times and they never managed to so much as flick a feather off him, though he was eventually wounded. He got the M.C., D.S.O., and the Légion d'Honneur. Lady Margaret Alexander was formerly Lady Margaret Bingham, and is Lord and Lady Lucan's younger daughter. Her wedding dress was a very beautiful one—ring-velvet the colour of Devonshire cream. Lady George Cholmondeley was Miss Ina Pelly before her marriage to the Marquess of Cholmondeley's brother in 1921. The Marquess, of course, will be far better remembered as "Rock," the one-time crack 9th Lancer and Old Cantab polo celebrity



LADY GEORGE CHOLMONDELEY

*Yevonde*





# THE PASSING SHOWS

*"There's Always Juliet," at the Apollo Theatre*

L EONORA PERRYCOSTE met Dwight Houston at a cocktail party. She said to him, "Your kisses go a long way, but I'm going no further." He said to her, "That's O.K. by me, but I'm leaving for America to-night." The consequences were . . .

No, slim and artificial as this comedy is, it won't quite boil itself down to those slips of paper which we fold up and pass on to our next-door neighbour. Consequences, as a game, has its æsthetic failings. It tends, even assuming there are sufficient pencils to go round, to stalemate, or vulgarity, or both. Mr. John van Druten's entertaining duet at the Apollo leads to no such destination. It is just a love-at-first-sight story which is nearly nipped in the bud in the manner of the most succulent romances, and then, staging a literal last-minute come-back, passes unashamedly on to the happy-ever-after ending. Which latter state of bliss can hardly be classed as vulgarity or a stalemate. Mating may be the most bewhiskered process on earth, but the old saws about all the world loving a lover and love making the world go round have sharp teeth. This much the films have taught us—that the world dearly loves its great lovers. And if they are lovers in private life as well as in the motley so much the better. In any case, can any

A sentimental "strip" which tells its own story. Mr. Herbert Marshall and Miss Edna Best display the finer points of high-speed wooing.

pair of lovers, in the flesh or on the celluloid, be more completely satisfying than Mr. Herbert Marshall and Miss Edna Best?

Mr. John van Druten has already shown the strength of his hand in *After All*, in which he held the scales wittily and wisely between two generations and re-framed an eternal problem with strong character-drawing

and sympathetic insight. He can write, if he wants to, a play of substance. He can, as in *London Wall*, dramatize the obvious and yet reveal clear facets of human nature and the little dramas of workaday life. *There's Always Juliet* is just an excuse for a tête-à-tête, a vehicle for two intended for a sentimental journey with no unusual happenings and only one wrong turning. The

author could have taken his lovers up and down all sorts of exciting by-ways and even left them upside down in different ditches. But he was writing, or so I suppose, for one purpose

Alas, when the kissing season is in full swing Romeo is recalled to America on business. Juliet declines to marry him and come too





"My sweetie went away": back to the sofa again, this time in tears



Rage



More tears



Grim

and two personalities, and all he felt it incumbent upon him to provide was dialogue as bright and stimulating as champagne. The rest he left to his American Romeo and his Mayfair Juliet. Those who prefer gin and bitters, and plenty of them, to champagne not above the reproach of sweetness, are at liberty to turn down an empty glass and label the vintage Extra Thin. But to those who want the best lovers Mr. Gilbert Miller can truthfully add "We have them." For personality fans, sentimentalists, engaged couples, shy young men, and spinsters of all ages sighing for romance, here in three acts, one scene and four characters is the genuine elixir of hugs and kisses.

The arena is Juliet's flat—a charming colour-scheme by Mr. Lawrence Irving. Her people are abroad and a family retainer (delightfully played by Dame May Whitty) acts as nurse, parlour-maid, and chaperone. Romeo, with true American hustle, runs her to earth after a cocktail party, makes a good impression, and carries her off to dinner and the Holborn Empire. They come back, to talk flippantly, exchange eloquent looks (the spell is working *prestissimo*), and laugh over the memories of the show. "I'm alone because I love you," mimics Juliet, and Romeo walks over to the piano and picks out the common-place refrain with one finger. Then he kisses her and the love-making begins. One good kiss deserves another. "If we're going on like this I think you'd better shut the door," says Juliet. Romeo agrees, and kisses her again. I was glad, because the habit of leaving stage-doors open gives me the fidgets. Miss Auriol Lee, however, is too cunning a producer to miss details like this. There is so little action in this piece that she deserves a fulsome compliment for supplying the maximum of light and shade.

The key changes when Leonora frankly declares her hand. She admits being smitten, but declines to go any further—not being that sort of girl. Was her conqueror expecting the usual ell? Dwight replies that he was "just wondering," and chivalrously smiles his way out of a delicate situation. The next day

is spent together in the country. The lovers celebrate their return by talking more amusing nonsense. They babble brightly about American humour, English food, and what not. One minute they are reciting appropriate lines from *Romeo and Juliet*, the next burlesquing melodrama with comic business about little Emily and the robins. The dialogue is of the touch-and-go order, like blowing bubbles. But it is so dexterously handled that the bubbles never burst.

The rest of the story tells itself. Dwight is suddenly recalled to America. Leonora declines his offer of marriage then and there. Her people are away; she knows nothing about him except that he has a boy of six, a mother, a divorced wife, and sufficient cash. Her alternative is a one and only honeymoon night before the boat sails. Dwight says no and good-bye. Next day Leonora seeks solace for a broken heart in the slow-witted and not so chivalrous Peter (Mr. Cyril Raymond plays this small part very well). Peter, hoping for suitable reward, brings her home at one in the morning as Dwight did the night before. Both use the same polite formula—an effective trick of repetition. But Peter, whose kisses are like cricket-balls, goes away with only a few pecks on his adored one's cheek as recompense for an expensive evening. Leonora has found a telephone message from Dwight—embarkation orders cancelled—and meanwhile Peter has bridged the social gulf with satisfactory references. Dwight is a polo player and a sahib and his family are more exclusive than the Four Hundred. The play ends with Dwight playfully tickling Leonora on his knee while addressing his future in-law down the telephone as "Mother," that lady having called up from Vichy at 1.30 a.m. to inquire after her daughter's headache. This, I thought, was carrying maternal solicitude too far, but it made a winsome curtain. Leonora's telephone, by the way, does stout work throughout the evening, and has the novel quality of letting you hear the voice of the invisible speaker at the other end.

Miss Edna Best wearing the most enchanting apparel, from negligée upwards, looking not a minute over seventeen, turning a somersault for joy, telephoning on the sofa in kittenish attitudes, choking back her tears, running the gamut of schoolgirl innocence, Bright-Young-Thingery—and spoilt darlingness, changing like an April shower from pathos to bathos, Miss Best simply twiddles the play round her little finger and reduces her slaves to the uttermost limits of abasement. There's always Juliet, or Edna, or Tessa, and to this nymph with the break in her voice and the dawn in her eyes, who would not be constant? A most spell-binding performance, admirably off-set by Mr. Herbert Marshall's tight-lipped air of strong and manly charm. This gossamer affair gives one that "spring is here" feeling which is so bracing. And to enjoyment comes envy; every Jack wishing he was Herbert, and every Jill dramatizing herself as Edna.

"TRINCULO."



"Steve" returns to "Steve"



All's well that ends like this

"Mother, I'm going to be married . . ."

Romeo Herbert: Hallo . . .  
or . . . mother!  
Juliet Edna: Stop your tickling, Herbert



TOM  
TITT



## THIS WAY FOR NEWBURY

THE HON. MRS. DUBERLY  
AND MRS. R. C. DAWSONLIEUT.-COLONEL AND MRS. MARK  
MAKGILL - CRICHTON - MAITLANDLADY DIANA WELLESLEY  
AND MISS SHAUGHNESSY

MRS. SINGER AND MR. ALEC TAYLOR

JOE CHILDS, MRS. FETHERSTONHAUGH,  
AND BARON FRANK DE TUYLL

LADY SYBIL PHIPPS AND MAJOR BARRETT.

Given fine weather, Newbury always attracts a large attendance, for the course is outstandingly good and the comfort of visitors considered in every way. A feature of the second day of the October Meeting was the satisfactory behaviour of the favourite in every event on the card. In spite of the sunshine, many people had pinned their faith on fur coats, among them being Lady Chesterfield's sister, the Hon. Mrs. Duberly, and Mrs. Dick Dawson, wife of the famous trainer. Lady Diana Wellesley, Clare Lady Cowley's attractive daughter, was also taking no chances with the cold wind. Mrs. Makgill-Crichton-Maitland is a sister of Sir Gerard Fuller. Mrs. Washington Singer's many friends were enquiring for the latest news of her popular husband, who has been very seriously ill for some months, but is now on the road to recovery. Racing people need no introduction to Mr. Alec Taylor, Joe Childs (who won the Ormonde Plate on Rose en Soleil), Baron de Tuyll, or Major "Rattle" Barrett. Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh is the widow of Major F. H. W. Fetherstonhaugh, who had charge of the King's thoroughbred stud from 1923 until his death this year. Lady Sybil Phipps' sister, Lady Alice Scott, was one of the twelve bridesmaids who formed Lady May Abel Smith's wedding retinue at Balcombe Church.





THE GRENADIER GUARDS' OLD COMRADES ASSOCIATION SHROPSHIRE BRANCH) DINNER

Truman Howell

Lord Loch, who is President of the Grenadier Guards' Old Comrades Association, was in the chair at this annual dinner, which was held at Morris Café, Shrewsbury, last week

The names in this interesting picture, reading left to right, are: Major T. Dix-Perkin (O.C. Depot Shropshire Light Infantry), Major-General Sir John Headlam, K.B.E., Colonel Viscount Gort, V.C., C.B.E., D.S.O., M.V.O., M.C. (Commanding 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards), Lieutenant A. H. Forbes, Brigadier-General A. H. O. Lloyd, C.B., C.M.G., M.V.O., T.D., D.L., Colonel Ralph Leake (President of the Branch, who joined in 1870), Major Jack Lloyd (behind); Major-General Lord Loch, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., M.V.O., Major-General Charles Grant, C.B., D.S.O. (late Coldstream Guards, and now G.O.C. Welsh Area), Major J. Becke (Chief Constable of Shropshire), Lieutenant Hon. Gustavus Hamilton-Russell, and Captain Sir Offley Wakeman, Bart.



THE EARL OF GAINSBOROUGH CELEBRATES HIS BIRTHDAY

Seacbe

An interesting family group taken last week when the little Earl of Gainsborough, who was born in 1923, celebrated his birthday. Included in the picture, as well as the Earl, are the Countess of Gainsborough (who is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Eyre), the Hon. Mrs. Edward Eyre (who is a daughter of Lord Acton), Mrs. Wilfred Eyre (who is a sister of Sir Humphrey Rose, Bart.), Mr. Edward Eyre (husband of the Hon. Mrs. Edward Eyre), Mr. Edward Eyre (father of the Countess of Gainsborough), Jim Eyre, Lady Maureen Noel (Lord Gainsborough's sister), Mrs. Edward Eyre, Vivian Eyre (daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Eyre), and the Hon. Gerard Noel (the little Earl's brother)



## Priscilla in Paris

**T**RÈS CHER,—Of course, it happened after a cocktail party, but nevertheless it was rather disconcerting to arrive at a place where one expected to see an ice-hockey match and to find instead—white-garbed and debonair—Big Bill Tilden tripping about in a fairy-like manner on what appeared to be (and was) a perfectly good tennis court!

"And the ice?" quoth I, blinking hard and then still doubting my eyes. "That's to-morrow" promised the friends in whose box I was being welcomed.

"But where, when, and how?" I demanded a thought truculently, and wondering if that fifth 'side-car' (with vodka instead of cointreau) hadn't seriously impaired my hearing as well as my vision.

"Right here," they told me, and then I was quite certain that things were going badly with my powers of likker-assimilation.

For a while I was unable to question further. The fervent tennis fans around me began to "shush"! They were perfectly right to do so, for Tilden was accomplishing wonderful things and obtaining breathless attention while he did them. The ceaseless wagging from side to side of hundreds of heads above bare shoulders and gleaming shirt-fronts as they followed the flight of the balls increased my feeling of giddiness, however, so I subsided quietly and hoped that I would soon be better.

During the interval all was made clear.

The new Palais des Sports that Jeff Dickson has so marvelously and gorgeously created within the shabby old carcass of the Vélodrome d'Hiver is quite unique of its kind in Europe. The big cycle track where all the important cycle races—the "Six Days" included—take place still subsists, but



MLLE. ANNY ONDRA—A BEAUTIFUL CZECH

D'Ora, Paris

This beautiful young actress has been described by the Czecho-Slovakian Minister For Arts and Public Instruction, a portfolio unknown in our less imaginative Cabinet, as "one of the Republic's greatest assets, and unquestionably the best known woman in the country"

in the arena a really fine ice rink has been built. It can be frozen over in eight hours' time, and melted down and dried again in even less, so that it is possible to enjoy ice-skating till mid-day and yet have the place cleared up and made ready for a boxing contest or a tennis match the same evening.

My bewilderment was due to the fact that, having mixed my dates as well as my drinks, I arrived twenty-four hours too early to see the Antwerp ice-hockey team beaten by the Stade Français (a contest scheduled for the next evening), but I had one of the sporting thrills of my life watching Tilden, who was in magnificent form.

The cocktail party responsible for my discomfiture—which turned out to be . . . see preceding sentence—was one of a series given by Charles Chichester for his sister, Mrs. Derek Secker, who has been staying with him in Paris, *en route* to rejoin her husband, who is stationed at Malta (H.M.S. *Mackay*); it was one of those jolly affairs that only Marjorie Firminger could adequately describe, with its bevy of beautiful youths and gracious maidens, all so immaculately groomed and demure of deportment, and yet giving the impression of . . . well, you know the old adage of the deep under-currents that still waters hide! Prince Youssopoff was there, cherubic and blue-eyed looking, not a day older than when he so blugily "bumped off" Rasputin . . . but having made the above remark, I had better tell you of the celebrities who were there another day, the day when Saidee Jackson sang (she is having a *succès fou* at the New Marine just now) in that husky-sweet Tallulahish voice of hers all the songs that one most wants to hear and a lot of new ones of the kind that twang the strings of one's viscera, making one feel all gooey inside!

I mustn't forget to tell you of the immense success of the French adaptation, by Jacques Deval, of H. M. Harwood's play, *The Man in Possession*. In a so far dull theatrical season this is Henry Bernstein's kind gift to us pending the production of his new play at the Gymnase Theatre of which he is manager. His judgment has been unerring in this choice, and the evening was one long, joyful gurgle of laughter—with here and there *une pointe d'émotion*. The comedy has been marvellously adapted, and certain rôles enlarged and rewritten to suit the actors for whom they were intended, in such a manner as to keep the British atmosphere of the play and yet give sufficient scope for the Gallic temperament of the players. A great measure of the success is also due to the perfect stage settings designed by Madame Henry Bernstein. Henry Bernstein's new play—which we also hope to see this autumn—is to be entitled *Le Messager*, and he is going back to his old, three-act formula after having given us several dramatic comedies, such as *Mélo* and *Le Jour*, consisting of umpteen tableaux and thus creating a somewhat cinematographic effect. This, however, is not in deference to the few critics who questioned his innovation, for Bernstein is one of the rare dramatists who can afford to be careless of the public's opinion, but merely because, at the time o' writing (his writing), he happens to be feeling this way.—With love, Très Cher, PRISCILLA.



BILLY MILTON AND MISTINGUETT  
By "Tor"

An impression of the wonderful "Mis" and her new English partner in the autumn revue at the Casino de Paris. Billy Milton has written several of the songs in the revue, which is said to be a bumper success. "Mis," as usual, is wonderful





**TALLULAH BANKHEAD AT HOLLYWOOD  
MAKING UP FOR "MY SIN"**

The famous actress' big picture, which opened at the Carlton Theatre on Wednesday, October 28, is the best one which she has done for the Paramount Corporation, so some people say. Her first American film was "Tarnished Lady," and the other big picture was "The Cheat," which we have yet to see. Before all these, however, Miss Tallulah Bankhead was in the British film of the stage play, "His House in Order," replacing Miss Gladys Cooper who withdrew unavoidably





# "SITTING AT THE JUMPS"



MISS SATTERTHWAITE ON "BEN MACREE"



AT THE LUNESDALE AND OXENHOLME  
STAGGER AND THE VALE OF LUNE  
HUNTER TRIALS: MISS WESTON, M.S.H.,  
AND MISS D. REYNOLDS



MISS DELPHINE REYNOLDS ON "GRUMBLES"

The Lunesdale and Oxenholme Staghoues and the Vale of Lune Harriers hunt over the same region of Westmorland, and a good country it is. Miss Weston has been Master of the Staghoues since 1930. They originally hunted the carted animal, but now pursue the wild red deer, with which the country is very well stocked. The present pack was started in 1919 by Mr. J. R. Heaton. The joint hunter trials were held at Low Hall, Whittington, near Kirkby Lonsdale, and everyone had a thoroughly jolly time—and there were no bumpers to speak of

*Photographs by Anning*





### THE PRINCESS OF PIEDMONT

*By Autori*

H.R.H. the Crown Princess of Italy, of whom our famous caricaturist gives us this vivid impression, was formerly the Princess Marie José, daughter of the King and Queen of the Belgians, and was married in Rome on January 8, 1930, in the presence of seven then reigning monarchs and more than seventy princes and princesses. H.R.H. the Duke of York represented H.M. King George V. It was one of the most brilliant Court functions of an epoch, and both the Crown Prince and his bride were almost overwhelmed by the quite spontaneous outburst of popular joy





## OVER THE EAST GALWAY WALLS—

By "S

County Galway is practically a stone-wall country, with the usual complement of Irish banks. On their western side there is ver day hounds fairly scream along, and it's not an uncommon sight to see "Charlie," the "dogs," and the Master in the air at th are very small and you can be jumping almost every other stride. The East Galway distinct



over! me darlin's—ye have him cotch'd!"

s"

wire and you can slap along "sthride for sthride wid the dogs and ye'll be say-sick with the lepping." On a good scenting  
 e time with only a field or two intervening. The wall country is not unlike Kilkenny, above Ballyhale, where the enclosures  
 llar is yellow. Major A. E. Waller, who carries the horn, has been Master since 1930





"THE MAN WHO LIT HIS CIGAR BEFORE THE ROYAL TOAST"



"THE MAN WHO BID HALF-A-GUINEA AT TATTERSALL'S"

Specially printed and mounted copies, in colour, of these two clever pictures by the famous artist, H. M. Bateman, can be obtained on application to Dept. B, "The Tatler," 346, Strand, W.C.2. Size of work 14 in. by 10 in. on plate-sunk mount 25 in. by 20 in. Copies 10s. 6d. each. Proofs signed by artist, 20s. each. Further pictures by the same artist can also be obtained. Particulars and small reproductions of the entire series will be sent post free on application



GEORGE ARLISS' "ALEXANDER HAMILTON," AND OTHER FILMS



JOHN BARRYMORE AND MAE MADISON IN "THE MAD GENIUS"



NANCY CARROLL AND PAT O'BRIEN IN "THE PERSONAL MAID"



GEORGE ARLISS AND JUNE COLLYER IN "ALEXANDER HAMILTON"

John Barrymore's latest picture, "The Mad Genius," based on the successful stage play, "The Genius," recently had a run at Marble Arch Pavilion and attracted much interest, for it is a strong story about a genius of the dance who, himself born with a club foot, adopts a youth and makes him the great dancer he would have been but for his deformity. The really big picture of the moment, however, is this one of George Arliss' "Alexander Hamilton," which opened at the New Gallery Cinema on October 25. George Arliss is part author, for he wrote the stage play "Hamilton," on which it is based in collaboration with Mrs. Mary Hamlin. Alexander Hamilton is spoken of in connection with the "Civil War." This, of course, is incorrect. It was after the War of Independence that Hamilton was America's First Secretary to the Treasury and was responsible for welding the States into financial union in order that the angry ex-soldiers might be able to cash the notes issued by individual State Treasuries. It is a remarkably fine film none the less. Pretty Nancy Carroll's latest, "The Personal Maid," in which she is supported by Pat O'Brien, is said to be one of those light comedies which suit her so extremely well



IN HAMPSHIRE  
AND IRELANDMISS SANDEMAN, MISS 'A. SANDEMAN  
AND MR. MUSKER AT OXNER FARMGENERAL SIR GEORGE JEFFREYS  
AND HIS WIFE, LADY CANTELUPEALSO IN THE H.H. COUNTRY: MR.  
AND LADY ROSEMARY JEFFREYS

RACING IN IRELAND

Mr. Rory More-O'Ferrall, Miss Olive Plunket, and Lord Milton, who is Lord Fitzwilliam's son, at the Irish Cesarewitch, which drew crowds to the Curragh. Mr. More-O'Ferrall started the meeting well by training the winner of the opening event. Miss Plunket, Lord Plunket's cousin, hunts with the Meath, and goes racing as often as possible. Sir Ernest Davis-Goff (see right) is a well-known Irish G.R. He and his sister, Miss Dodo Davis-Goff, hunt with the Waterford

These three top pictures were taken when the Hampshire Hunt (commonly known as the "H.H.") and Bordon held joint Hunter Trials at Oxner Farm. There were any number of entries. General Sir George Jeffreys and his wife, Lady Cantelupe, are noted Hampshire personalities. Their only son, Mr. Christopher Jeffreys, married Lord and Lady Normanton's youngest daughter this year



SIR ERNEST DAVIS-GOFF AND HIS SISTER



ALSO AT THE CURRAGH

Mr. D. R. Pack-Beresford and Lady Milbanke in the members' enclosure at the Curragh on the day Overall won the big race for Mr. T. J. Taaffe. Lady Milbanke joined the ranks of owners this summer, and trains with Mr. More-O'Ferrall. She has lately been paying Paris a visit. Mr. Pack-Beresford owns Fenagh House, near Bagnalstown, in County Carlow





MISS ELIZABETH POLLOCK

*Yevonde, Victoria Street*

The younger daughter of Sir Adrian and the Hon. Lady Pollock, who has developed the sincerest form of flattery into a very fine art. Miss Elizabeth Pollock's imitations of stage celebrities, now to be seen at the St. Martin's Theatre as a curtain raiser to "The Young Idea," are a long way ahead of the usual standard of this type of entertainment. Her observation is so acute, her fun-poking so subtle, her power of achieving effects with the minimum of effort so outstanding. That the victims themselves appreciate her talent was proved at the dance given last summer by Lady Pearson (Miss Gladys Cooper) when, by special request, Miss Pollock "took off" her hostess



# Pictures in the Fire : "SABRETACHE" By



H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK AND OFFICERS OF THE 1st BATTALION K.O.Y.L.I.

W. May & Co.

H.R.H. the Duchess of York is the Colonel-in-Chief of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, the 1st battalion of which is commanded by Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. E. P. J. Corbally Stourton, who is a familiar figure in the hunting worlds of York and Meath, where he has a seat

In this group the names, left to right, are: Back row—2nd Lieut. R. R. Makin, Lieut. P. St. Clair Ford, Lieut. H. N. Burr, Lieut. W. B. S. J. A. E. Wilberforce, 2nd Lieut. A. E. B. Trappes-Lomax, Lieut. G. T. Chadwick; second row—Captain L. F. E. Weiler, Captain A. E. G. Alexander, M.C., Lieut. R. H. Bower, Lieut. W. Ambrose, Captain E. V. H. Bradley, M.C., Lieut. A. R. Forbes, Lieut. St. L. Morris, Captain E. E. E. Cass, D.S.O., M.C., Lieut. R. G. C. Poole, Lieut. C. Huxley, Captain B. C. Wilkinson, Captain H. Redman; front row—Captain A. D. Mulligan, Captain O. W. Chalker, Captain C. E. L. Watkins, Major G. H. Kent, Major-General C. P. Deedes, C.M.G., D.S.O., H.R.H. the Duchess of York, G.B.E., Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. E. P. J. Corbally Stourton, D.S.O., Major E. W. Wales, M.C., Major W. Robb, M.C., Captain G. Thomson, D.S.O., M.C., Captain B. M. Jones

**W**HILST we are all for economy in these times and should frown upon anything in the way of sinful waste, there are ways and ways of suggesting it. It is not tactful, for instance, for a hostess to write to someone who is a noted non-Prohibitionist and say: "Dear Carlo,—Do come and dine quietly with us on Friday." The unkind suggestion is only too obvious! She might just as well have said: "And don't come in an advanced state of alcoholic poisoning or walk into the room on your hands."

One of the best election stories came from that well-known factory of *bons mots*, the Stock Exchange, and concerned the broad-cast by one of our leading politicians. The wag wrote to him:

"Dear Blank,—The betting here before your speech was on 148—after it the figure went to 159. Do please make another speech."

In spite of what some people would like to see, the stoppage of all forms of sport and recreation on the "chuck-everything" principle till England has got more money than she is supposed to have by her nice kind friends on the Continent of Europe, it is a good thing to see that those who help to preserve the national morale do not intend to be panicked into courses which would result in an automatic increase in unemployment. Racing, football of both kinds, and hunting are among the things that some of our Jeremiahs would like to see us abandon. Hunting, of course, a lot of people would have wiped out at once, quite forgetting that, besides being a sport it is a business which employs a large number of people in all sorts of walks of life, and is a lucrative customer to many trades and industries, amongst the latter being farming and light-horse breeding, both of which want all the help anyone can give them. The abolition

of the King's Premium Stallion Grants has hit the light-horse breeder one between wind and water. So that if a whole lot of packs of hounds put the shutters up, as some people think they should, it would make bad far worse. I had a letter from a well-known M.F.H. friend of mine in a region known as The Shires, in which he said that, personally, he felt that it was obligatory to keep the flag flying no matter how hard the tempest blew, and I think that that is a very generally held opinion.

In Ireland they also have their political bothers plus a quite unhealthy crop of gun-men, but they are carrying on just the same. From Meath and Westmeath, where the Masters are both friends of mine, I hear all looks most promising, and farther south, in Kilkenny, that great friend to fox-hunting, Major Dermot McCalmont, is not allowing things to droop. I see that Kilcreene Lodge, that comfortable hunting box near the county town, and which was I think inspired by the M.F.H. and his charming wife, is still to the fore, and I can much recommend it. Hirelings for the season or otherwise are to be had, and are of the best, as they are hunted by some-one who goes the best over that country, and the living is cheap and good. I should think this breed of hunting hotel would pay almost anywhere in any Irish hunting country, especially if it is as well run as Kilcreene.



A COTSWOLD SURPRISE

Mr. A. Mitchell and Rear-Admiral F. A. Marten, the Joint Masters of the Cotswold Hounds, tendered their resignation, to take effect from end of the present season, at a recent meeting of the committee. The announcement was received with much regret. The Masters took on in 1928

Searching for hidden treasure has always had a compelling allure for everyone, and I feel that we all wish the best of luck to the enthusiasts who hope to find the £100,000,000 supposed to be buried only ten feet below the surface at a little village in the Punjab called Deraur. It is not the only buried nest egg in India by a good many, and they do say that there is enough stuff under the old Fort at Gwalior to buy up the National Debt and leave a good bit over to be going on with; and then also there is Jehanghir's and Nurjchan's tomb at Shadrah

(Continued on p. viii)

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PARIS





IN THE "CARNIVAL" FILM: MISS DOROTHY BOUCHIER (SIMONETTA) AND MR. MATHESON LANG (SILVIO STENO)

In the film version of the famous play Mr. Matheson Lang plays the same part as he did on the stage in 1921. The story is a play within a play, and all about a jealous actor who plays Othello, and nearly does a real murder of his wife, who plays Desdemona. The film opened at the Tivoli on Monday, November 2

AT Hollywood there is an institution known as the "Selig Zoo," after its founder.

Here are kept wild beasts of all sorts for use in animal scenes, and a certain producer was explaining the part he wished the film actress to play. "You are to run across the set as fast as you can, and the lion will chase you. All I want is 500 ft. of lion chasing you and no more—you quite understand?"

The actress nodded. "Yes-s-s," she faltered, her teeth chattering. "Yes-s-s, I understand, but d-does the lion?"

"Daddy, how do you tell a lady worm from a gentleman worm?" asked Bobby.

"Easily," replied his parent. "The lady worm never signals when she turns."

A taxi-driver had a very stout fare and experienced some difficulty in getting her in and out of the cab.

"I'm afraid I'm a bother to you," said she, as he was helping her out.

"Not a bit," answered the man, meaning to be gallant, "I likes a fare wot steadies the cab."

The teacher had been reading the story of "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" to her class of small boys. When she reached the end she closed the book and proceeded to question them regarding the story.

"Now, can anyone tell me," she said, "what Ali Baba said when he wanted to open the entrance to the cave?"

One child, an ardent film fan, promptly replied:

"Open, sez me!"

## Bubble & Squeak

A man who knew little about the game was persuaded to referee a football match in the absence of the official referee. He protested his ignorance, but the players regarded him as being merely diffident, and the game started.

After a few minutes there was a tremendous struggle round one of the goals, and when the ball had been shot into the net there was a protesting cry of "Offside."

After a prolonged argument, the captain of the protesting side went up to the referee and said:

"What was that?"

"Ah—er—" replied the referee, "that was an—er—er frightfully thrilling spectacle!"

The lady of the house had just engaged a new maid and was instructing her in the duties of waiting at table.

"At dinner, Mary," she explained, "you must remember always to serve from the left and take the plates from the right. Is that clear?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered Mary, condescendingly. "Superstitious or something?"

At church, little Joan listened to a sermon on "Let your light shine."

The only part she remembered was the text, but she didn't understand what it meant until her mother said: "It means being good, obedient, and cheerful."

In the afternoon there was trouble in the nursery, and Joan excused herself for being naughty by saying, "I've blown myself out."

A man entered a country post office and asked: "Have you a parcel for Mr. Jones?"

"Aye," replied the post-master, "but how do I know you to be him?"

The man produced a photograph of himself. "Have a look at that," he said. "It's me, isn't it?"

"Aye, so it be," said the post-master, and handed over the parcel without another word.



SINGING AT THE MAY FAIR: MISS IRIS ASHLEY AND WILLIAM WALKER

Miss Ashley has taken several leading parts in British talkies, and made her legitimate stage debut not long ago. Mr. William Walker is a very well known cabaret singer, and has made a success with the clever organization known as "That Certain Trio." He is also the composer of quite a number of songs

LES SÉLECTIONS NOUVELLES D'HOUBIGANT



PARFUM  
**ÉTUDE**

OF AN ENTIRELY NEW CONCEPTION  
AND BLENDED WITH ONLY THE  
RAREST AND MOST PRECIOUS  
ESSENCES, THIS TENACIOUS PERFUME  
EXHALES ITS PERFECTION AFTER  
A PERIOD OF EVAPORATION

**HOUBIGANT**  
PARIS





AT CROYDON

Mr. "Bill" Styran, who has been putting in many hours lately in the Personal Flying Services' Desoutter monoplane. It was Mr. Styran who succeeded in taming that strange Sikorsky amphibian that attracted so much attention when it first appeared in this country

reference is used, then, to the flyer, towns are telegraph posts, counties milestones, and countries villages. In the course of evolution from savagery to canned food, man has extended his scope from cave to county, from county to country, and he is now extending it from country to cosmos.

The aircraft is the vehicle of international intercourse, the articulate esperanto of the future. But in order that it shall be able to provide free communication its communications must be freed. There must be less regulation and less national quibbling. There must be fewer "papers," passes, passports, customs manifests, passenger lists, certificates of airworthiness, and licences in all their forms. There must be less officialism at aerodromes and more friendliness, and above all the Briton must cast off the schoolboy habit of regarding everybody who does not speak his language with precisely the same accent as he speaks, it as a "wop" or a "dago."

While public schools teach that all races but the English are mud, we shall make little progress in international understanding, and therefore little progress in aviation. Internal air lines and internal air touring must always be insignificant compared with international air lines and international air touring. The Englishman must become cosmopolitan if he is ever to obtain the full value from flying. Already pilots who do much flying abroad show a more educated attitude towards the foreigner; they are able to understand that he is no better and no worse, on the average, than they are but that he is merely different.

# AIR EDDIES : *By* OLIVER STEWART

## Beating the Boundaries.

**B**UCHAREST is so bracing that it inspired the Fédération Aéronautique Internationale to hold there the most useful session it has ever held, a session whose objective was the throwing down of some of those national barriers and frontiers that at present prevent free international intercourse by air; it was engaged upon defeating the die-hards and beating the boundaries, and its implied aim was nothing less than an aeronautical United States of Europe.

Those who fly cannot think in terms of countries like those who go by road, rail, or sea. If the car driver's frame of

The insolent and insular attitude is a survival of the anti-macassar age—and an unpleasant one.

It is to be hoped, therefore, that Prince Bibesco will succeed in his efforts to reduce the obstacles to free international intercourse by air. Among the proposals put forward are the introduction of a special form of travelling card in the place of some of the documents at present required, the standardisation of landing charges, the reduction in charges for members of national aero clubs equipped with the special form of card, a new kind of traveller's cheque to eliminate the need to carry money in many different currencies, permission to carry wireless and sporting firearms, and a reduction in the number of prohibited zones. These are all objects which deserve support from everyone who is anxious to see flying make rapid progress. It is therefore in the interest of all pilots to second the F.A.I.'s efforts.

\* \* \*

## A Successful Circus.

**C**aptain C. D. Barnard's tour of Great Britain with his civil air circus proved a success. The tour took six-and-a-half months and the circus travelled 20,000 miles or thereabout and gave displays in fifty counties in England, Scotland, and Wales.

Something like 60,000 passengers were carried. The circus consisted of six air-craft, eight road vehicles, and a staff of forty. Mr. R. A. C. Brie was flying the Autogiro, a machine which attracted much attention everywhere and was without doubt one of the greatest "pulls" of the show, and Mr. L. H. Stace was flying the sports Avian, while Mr. John Tranum did a number of parachute drops as well as a good deal of wing-walking. Out of the 120 sites at which displays were given only thirty were recognized aerodromes and only nineteen were fully equipped for regular use by air-craft.

The success of this circus will probably lead to the formation of others—in fact Mr. Tranum's has already been announced.

In places remote from London and from those cities where there are Aero Clubs, there is still a widespread desire to be able to inspect aeroplanes at close range, and I believe that in Scotland, despite transport difficulties and bad weather, the crowds which came to see Barnard's circus were unexpectedly large.

\* \*

## The Bristol and Wessex Club.

**T**he Bristol and Wessex Aero Club has made a move in the right direction by choosing the beginning of the winter for opening the club on seven days in the week. On Mondays there will be flying as on the other days now, and the club itself will be open for the use of members. This will be one more blow to the theory that flying is purely a summer sport which should be given up during the winter months. Every step that makes people realize that the winter is as good a time to

(Continued on p. xx)



C. A. Sims

## GOING UP

Squadron-Leader Robb in the cockpit of one of the new Comper Swifts. Standing in front is Mr. H. G. Mayers, and behind is Flight-Lieutenant N. Comper, to whose genius for design this attractive little machine owes its being



MR. F. E. N. ST. BARBE

At Stag Lane Aerodrome, where the London Aeroplane Club has its head-quarters. Mr. St. Barbe is the business manager of de Havilland's, and the ubiquity and success of the famous Moth are largely the result of his ability and enthusiasm



# YOU'LL NEVER SMOKE A FINER VIRGINIA CIGARETTE

Pay as much as you like, experiment with expensive hand-made brands, but you'll never find a better Virginia cigarette than Piccadilly.

Carreras make Piccadilly in such quantities that they buy the cream of the tobacco crop from Eastern Carolina and the "Old Belt" (the finest districts in the world) at moderate price. Carreras install expensive machinery to roll the OVERSIZE cigarette to perfection, and buy the purest paper.

At three times their price connoisseurs of good tobacco would still smoke Piccadilly. At their present price millions can smoke them, and the regular support of these millions fixes the price as low as . . . . .

**1/2 FOR 20**



# PICCADILLY

**CARRERAS' OVERSIZE & de-luxe CIGARETTE**





AT TOWCESTER RACES: LADY HILLINGDON, THE HON. MARYGOLD MILLS, MRS. CHARLES ALEXANDER, AND SIR THOMAS FERMOR-HESKETH

Lady Hillingdon, who is seen in a group with the Managing Director of the Towcester Racecourse Company, is one of the four Cadogan sisters and the wife of the returning Master of the Grafton, where it is said, but in no derogation of the immediately preceding regime, that they are delighted to have their "Bear" back again

of a very special "Swallow" body with a specially-built Standard Sixteen chassis—which combination is beyond question a lovely thing. A Frenchman who thinks that only his countrymen have any idea about the design of *carrosserie* was by me shown this S.S. to prove that such was not the case, and it flattened him out so thoroughly that in sheer pity for the fellow I had to rush him to the nearest bar. [Incidentally, it is about time that something was done to enable folks who are not members of the R.A.C. to get a drink at Olympia in reasonable comfort—the arrangements are very bad indeed, and have been the subject of much adverse comment.] And small wonder! The topmost point of the two-door coupé body stands, at a guess, not more than a yard and a half above the ground so that wee flappers tower above it. Yet within sides there is quite amazing commodiousness. Three not too big 'uns can sit abreast on the main seat, and another adult or a couple of kiddies can be got in behind. Moreover, there is lots of head-room and, what is very much to the point, the driver, in spite of the proximity of his coccyx to the highway, enjoys a thoroughly good "visibility" in all required directions. Actually, in a manner of writing, the body itself is quite tall, but it is mounted upon so low a chassis that the proper effect is gained in a legitimate way. This is greatly a change for the better. For my own part I have rarely waxed enthusiastic about "sporting" cars of the closed sort, because so often the low appearance has been got simply by pushing the roof down—which is ridiculous. The right solution to the problem is to push the chassis down, as has been very cleverly done in this case. The S.S. is, in consequence, not only a practical thing (and, I should imagine, one of the safest of speed cars) but it is also strikingly handsome. Its radiator might not have been quite what it is if there had been no such thing as a front-drive Cord, but it is readily forgiven this bit of flattery, especially as those others have clearly come under the same influence. I believe there will be a good many followers to this S.S. lead; at all events several designers with whom I had a yap had entirely corrected their rather sneering opinion after once seeing it in the flesh. Which brings me to a small question. Why do photographers take plumb-dead slab-sided views of a body like this, as though the line of vision were that of a 2 ft. midget? As a three-dimensional subject regarded normally as from slightly above, it is altogether more graceful and convincing.

#### Good Example.

IN retrospectively reviewing the late Show—and you really do, as it were, need to get away from it to get the right line on its values—I do not think there can be any doubt that one of the hits of the piece was the "S.S.," a new and welcome and highly original recruit to the ranks of the genuinely sporting car. Briefly described, it consists of a combination

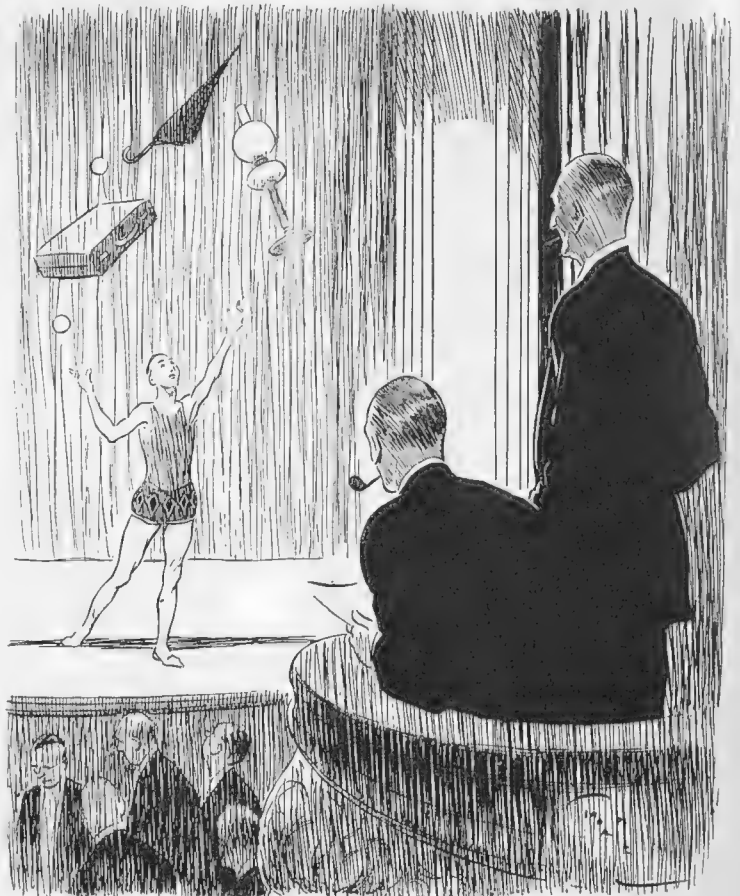
#### Très Chère.

Nay, nay, Priscilla, it was not P.V. who, at the Salon, nearly burst the panels of the Rosengart, and I will have the law on them what says it was. For I can prove an incontrovertible *alibi*, having, under a stress (which I need not go into), absented myself from the Paris Show this year. But I grant there was foundation for the rumour, for a year or two ago at Olympia I did get into a small saloon, and it took three hefty men to pull me out, and the panels, by the time this painful operation was over, were distinctly more bulgy on one side than on the other. Time was when people going to Olympia were wont to say, "Meet me at twelve o'clock by Aston," so that often I would wonder why some bore was dogging my footsteps. But this season I never had much chance of standing up and still. Every day and every five minutes some car-maker would seize hold of me and drag me to demonstrate, *in propria persona*, that his elegant saloon provided the head, leg, elbow, shoulder, knee, etc., room required by out-size persons such as your humble and devoted colleague. And I will say this (which is a great feather in the cap of the British motor industry, or at least of those who build these wonderfully low-priced family cars), that in every case the experiment was a great success. In no instance was a shoe-horn required to get me in, nor a corkscrew to get me out. With characteristic generosity I made no charge whatever for my valuable services, but I have ground for believing that a modest testimonial is being raised. Should it materialize, my dear Priscilla, I now give you the public assurance that we will bust it together.

#### Good Performer.

A man I met recently described a common acquaintance who has rather receding brows as the possessor of an "eddy-free" forehead. I like this phrase, which is telling and compact; it was, I believe, coined by the Morris people. What difference in speed and fuel consumption is made by the "eddy-free" design of saloon I am not prepared to say, but whatever difference there is must be in the desired direction, but I will most emphatically aver that it is pleasing to the eye. You could see

(Continued on p. xv)



Cricket Fanatic: Gosh! What a lad for first slip!

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday

# Impressively quiet in performance

# Impressively modern in appearance

"SILENT THIRD" GEAR *incorporated*  
*in the New Vauxhall*



*The Richmond Saloon, £485 (formerly £515)*

QUIETNESS in performance, modernity in appearance — these are the keynotes of the new Vauxhall Silent Eighty. And prices have been reduced.

From its smooth top gear you can change to its new "Silent Third," and hardly know the difference. The new gearbox gives quieter running in all gears, and easier gear-changing. The engine is smoother, and the intake is fitted with a combined air-cleaner and silencer. Rubber blocks insulate the bodies from the chassis and eliminate rattles.

Several new body styles are now available, and all models now have a chromium-plated radiator guard and large hubs with chromium hubcaps. These add a new note to a car that has always been distinguished in appearance.

The seating accommodation is increased by the rear

arm-rests being recessed, and the upholstery throughout is improved to the point of luxury.

There is now a weatherproof, flush-type sliding roof — fitting so remarkably well that until it is opened you can hardly tell that it's there.

Any dealer will give you a catalogue showing the wide range of bodies, all with safety glass throughout. He will gladly take you out for a trial run. If you prefer, write direct to Vauxhall Sales Department, General Motors Ltd., The Hyde, Hendon, London, N.W.9.

#### NEW PRICES (*ex Works, Hendon*)

Richmond Saloon (formerly £515)	£485
Kingston Coupé (formerly £541)	£495
Velox Semi-Panelled Saloon	£535
Kimberley 5-passenger Saloon	£595
*Newmarket 7-passenger Saloon	£685
(Sliding roof standard on all above models)	
*Grosvenor 7-passenger Limousine	£695
*On long wheelbase chassis	(Sliding roof £10 extra)

## VAUXHALL SILENT EIGHTY

*For those who want a light Six, there is the 17-h.p. Vauxhall Cadet, with Synchro-Mesh and Silent Second Gear, £285. Special 26-h.p. model for overseas.*

COMPLETE RANGE OF MODELS ON VIEW AT 174-182 GREAT PORTLAND STREET, LONDON, W.1.







"Reckon 'ole ghose 've swallowed both they!"

## RURAL HAUNTS

By EARDLEY BESWICK.

Illustrated by 'ER.

"D O ee believe in ghose?" asked the Oldest Inhabitant. "I beg your pardon," said I. "I said ghose," he repeated in a hollow tone, "Bain't no call for to beg pardons as I can see, unless so be as you be a-goin' to tell I as there bain't no such things as apparitions and suchlike." He glared at me defiantly. "Why forty year ago there was a ghose laid in this very public just about where we'm a sittin'. 'Aye, it be full forty year come Christmus since Wally Cutts laid ole Hezekiah Sheldrake's ghose. I mind that well, I do."

An expectant silence followed. I knew quite well what was expected of me, but I preferred to see how long it would take the old one to introduce the subject of treating with one of his irresistible hints. It was quite a long silence, and his tone was reproachful when he at length resumed:

"You see, 'twadden more than a week before he died that ole Sheldrake had a argiment with Wally in this very bar. Pore ole feller was in as tryin' a state as mortal man can suffer, which is to say, as he were spent up and still thirsty." The narrator eyed me mournfully. "He could't have been wholly sober or he'd never have made up to Wally as were a masterpiece for hardness and that close you never."

"But it were a lesson to Wally, it were. Reckon he wished many a time as he'd been a bit more generous, attar it was too late ever to stand the old un a friendly pot. There's some things as ought never to be put off till too late, if you unnerstands my meanin'."

I succumbed at this point.

"What I likes about you newspaper chaps," he remarked sagaciously, "is how quick you be to see the drift of a remark, in a manner of speakin'."

"Well, to cut it short, Wally wouldn't stand him nothin', so he up and curse Wally awful and went home and took ill, and was dead in a week."

"Night of the funeral young Zekial Sheldrake come into this public with a piece of dirty paper in his hand. 'What've got there?' someone asked him. 'Tis naught but ole grand-dad's

will,' says Zekial. 'Didden know as he'd anything to leave,' says Wally. 'Well he had then,' says young Zekial snappy-like, 'and he've a-left it to me, all except his mortal curse, and that he've a-left where it belongs.'

"Atter a bit us coaxed un to read it out. It went something like this:

I, Hezekiah Sheldrake, do give and bequeathe all as I dies possessed of to my dear nevvie, Ezekial Sheldrake, what've looked attar I for so long, exceptin' my lastin' CURSE what I lays on Wally Cutts as called I a nasty ole pig, and if so be as the said Wally Cutts do fail hereto-attar every Sat'd'y night afore closin' to place a pot of beer on my grave I'll haunt him into his'n."

"Wally just laugh outright and says as how he idden affeared of no Sheldrake, ghose, nor livin', but some on us thought that a man as'd been so sore as to write such a awful will might go so far as to carry it out even attar his mortal death."

"Well, that Sat'd'y night a ghastly ole grey face looked in att Wally's bedroom winder. Wally didden see it, but Mrs. Cutts did, and the sight brought on her spazzums as didden stop till mornin'."

"Next Sat'd'y as was Wally was makin' homeward attar closin', and a horrid great spectre kep' flutterin' about t'other side of hedge. Wally was too pot-valiant to fear even spectres, and he stop to argue with it. Whereupon spectre up and poke Wally backward into Cutmore's cow-pond, attar which he took a more sober view of things."

"Week attar that Wally actually stayed home all Sat'd'y night, leastways first part of it he did. Ghose come and whoood round the house and Wally let fly with a gun while his missis was having her spazzums and shot her new nightdress as was hangin' on the line to ribbens. Attar she'd come round enough to be told about that she had 'em again so bad that Wally had to walk three mile to fetch doctor."

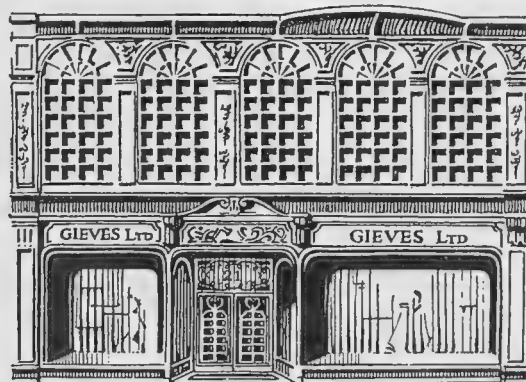
"But come week attar that Wally walk into this public late and says as how he've a-given in and rid hisself of the haunting by putting a pot on ole Sheldrake's grave as demanded in the

(Continued on p. iv)



*By Appointment.*

21,  
OLD BOND STREET  
LONDON, W.1.  
PORTSMOUTH  
SOUTHAMPTON  
EDINBURGH  
LIVERPOOL  
GIBRALTAR



*By Appointment.*

31,  
BURLINGTON  
ARCADE, W.1.  
PLYMOUTH  
WEYMOUTH  
SOUTHSEA  
CHATHAM  
MALTA

**Gieves**  
LIMITED

1785 — MEN'S OUTFITTERS, TAILORS · HATTERS · HOSIERS — 1931



**“GIEVES” SUITINGS**

*Carefully selected for Town and Country wear.*



FOR once in a way the noses of the south-eastern division are thoroughly out of joint. They, the division who pride themselves on being all that is most advanced in the golfing world will be the last division to have a divisional championship—even if they ever have one. For years the Midlands have had one by score play; a month ago the northerners instituted theirs with qualifying and match play, and now the south-westerners have followed suit and Miss Mary Beard is the first champion of the south-west. No doubt



The last four and an important fifth at the South-Western Championship played at Ferndown. Left to right: Mrs. Close, Miss Mary Beard (winner), Miss Huleatt (donor of the Challenge Salver), Miss B. Pyman (runner-up) and Mrs. Oxley



At Ferndown: Miss Powell-Williams (Devon) and Miss A. Cornwell (Cornwall). The latter's match with Miss B. Soper in the first round went to the 21st green

there were plenty of difficulties. One competitor had travelled 200 miles to arrive at Ferndown, just as far as if a Londoner had gone to York. There was one brave adventurer, Miss Barbara Pyman, from Wales, since Glamorgan comes into the south-western division, and her expedition resulted in being runner-up.

What the south-west can do the south-east presumably could do if they so wished, but whatever they do they will never arrive at a course in more perfect order than Ferndown. To be hypercritical the tees had been moved back too far. What would a man say if he were asked to play any championship on a course with a 78 par, so that he was continually taking wood for his second shot and then not reaching the green? That was what the ladies were contending with, and nobody could help feeling that it was a little bit of a pity. Mercifully it did not prevent the best player winning, but for all that it was levelling, because there were twelve holes where nobody could get up in 2. There are four excellent short holes and two genuine 4 holes with the wind and ground as it was. Perhaps courses are playing extra long this year, but 6,300 yards seems perhaps a little on the lengthy side for any championship less than a national.

Qualifying was a terrifying business; Miss Mary Beard made the best show at it both mornings when she was 83, and in the

By  
ELEANOR E. HELME

## EVE AT GOLF



Miss Enid Radcliffe, the Cornish Champion, with Mrs. Morant (Dorset), who was beaten at the 20th by Miss B. Pyman in the South-Western Championship

severe downfall, not because she played less well, but because Mrs. Close, who beat her 8 and 7, was level fours for the match. Now Mrs. Close is not some famous International under a new name; she has been Mrs. Close ever since she played for Dorset, and the only reason that nobody has heard of her outside the south-west is that she is usually incurably nervous in match-play events, and, especially in county golf, does not play down to anything like her minute handicap. She has a very attractive style and really could not have played better than she did against Mrs. Beard.

Miss Beard met Mrs. Close the next morning, having in the meantime disposed of Miss Soper, though the latter's wonderful putting meant no end of a struggle. Again, Mrs. Close played beautiful golf, and Miss Beard was never up between the first hole and the 18th. If her final with Miss Barbara Pyman looked like nothing except a win for Miss Beard, yet Miss Pyman never really seemed beaten, appearing suddenly from depths of heather stone dead at the hole side, running down long putt after long putt, and altogether harrying Miss Beard just as one imagines the Welsh Barons used to

come over the border and harry their neighbours in olden days. She turned one down, out in 39 to Miss Beard's 38, and Miss Beard only won 2 and 1.

Miss Huleatt gave a really magnificent silver salver as the Challenge Trophy, there was a smaller one for the memento and, as Mr. Newton, the captain of the club expressed it, "Ferndown had given a tiddler" (which was just as attractive as the other) for the runner-up. Altogether a most entirely successful meeting. Gloucestershire will have to work hard to live up to such a beginning when the event visits them next year.

National depression or no, new trophies seem the order of the day just now, for the first meeting for the Mount Vernon Hospital Cup was played at Northwood with ninety entries. Conditions were very kind to the women, for they gave them three strokes on to their handicap, and let them play from the ladies' tees. The poor men in



Mrs. Bath Taylor, Captain of Ferndown, won the morning round handicap prize with a splendid 92-16=76

(Continued on p. iv)

# Don't waste good tobacco !

When time is of no account,  
and the occasion serves,  
smoke De Reszke *Americans*  
by all means.

**20 for 1/6**

\*

For more ordinary times,  
when you still have leisure  
to smoke a full-sized cigar-  
ette right through, De  
Reszke *Virginias* are the  
cigarettes for you.

**20 for 1/-**

\*

But for those occasions  
when you want a "brief-  
time" smoke (e.g., between  
the courses) you will natur-  
ally turn to the new De  
Reszke *Minors*—a beauti-  
fully made cigarette of pre-  
cisely the same choice Vir-  
ginia leaf as its bigger  
brothers.

**20 for 8d.**



# DE RESZKE

— of course !



# The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE

## Ski-ing in Scotland.

THE consensus of opinion is that there will be few English visitors at the Continental winter resorts this year; nevertheless, fashions for ski-ing enthusiasts have by no means been neglected. The ski-ing clubs of Great Britain and Scotland, in alliance with the Scottish Travel Association are endeavouring to popularize Scotland as a winter resort. A fact that cannot be made too widely known is that there are at least eight recognized areas in Scotland where ski-ing is regularly enjoyed, all of which are within reasonable access of hotels.

## Scottish Snow Fields.

Among these areas are Loch Tay, Cairngorms, Glen Lussa, Tyndrum, Glenfruin, Cairn Well, Drumochter, and Stuc a Chroin. Several of these, like the Cairngorms, are huge snow fields for months on end, and provide runs of varying lengths:

some are as long as 2,000 ft. It is estimated that a fortnight's ski-ing in Scotland, including hotels and railway fares can be had for about £15 to £18.

## A British Ski-ing School.

In view of the popularity of ski-ing Lillywhite's, Criterion Buildings, Piccadilly Circus, have opened a ski-ing school. The space devoted to it was formerly a dance hall; it has now been turned

The really beautiful Lan-air-cel blankets are warm in winter and cool in summer, as they are scientifically designed to hold in their meshes small pockets of air. See page ii

into a mountain side covered with snow to a depth of several inches. Here beginners can learn all the rudiments and the best-known turns. They can also learn that a spill is not such a desperate affair. In fact they can save a valuable week of the winter holiday by overcoming the initial difficulties. For the expert there is jumping, and the preliminary training which is each year necessary in order to get their muscles into trim. Experts are present to give tuition where required, and among those who will advise is Mr. Vivian Caulfield, the well-known writer on ski-ing.

## Fashions for Ski-ing.

As usual, Lillywhite are making a feature of winter sports outfits, all of which are perfectly practical; they have little faith in the decorative garments that arouse so much discussion; they contend, and with justice, that these should be the prerogatives of spectators and not participants in the game. They regard with favour outfits of proofed fabrics in dark blue, brown, and black. They have by no means overlooked the requirements of the indoor skating enthusiast. Excellent are the pleated skirts



A feature of Vanité's, 8, Sloane Street, collection is simple rest and tea gowns at pleasant prices. The one above is carried out in very soft ring velvet of a lovely Oriental fuchsia shade trimmed with fur

and knickers with brightly-coloured wool pull-overs, caps, and scarves; sometimes the gloves match the skirts or they may harmonize with the pull-overs. Regarding the headgear there are many variations on the béret and Glengarry themes. This firm is responsible for a special boot for skating; it gives support just where it is needed. But the skates must be adjusted by an expert. A catalogue will be sent on application.

## Simple Tea-Gowns.

Rest-gowns always come into their own as soon as the cold weather arrives, and there is no one who understands the art of creating these better than Vanité, 8, Sloane Street, W.; to her must be given the credit of the one pictured on this page. It is carried out in an Oriental fuchsia shade of ring velvet trimmed with fur; a strong point in its favour is that although it is decorative it may be slipped on in the fraction of a second. A fact that cannot be made too widely known is that this artist in dress specializes in velveteen tea-gowns for 6½ guineas, those of velvet being 8½ guineas.

(Continued on p. ii)



This smart nurse's uniform was designed and carried out by Garroulds, Edgware Road. It is available in a variety of materials, all of which wear exceedingly well. See page ii



*This is not an  
idle promise  
you will  
see a  
difference  
in the  
morning*



**FREE BOOKLET.** Send to-day, for the free Cyclax Book "The Art of being Lovely." It gives you full directions for using Cyclax and helps with your own special skin difficulties.

**FREE ADVICE.** If you want advice and cannot visit the Salon, you have only to write to Frances Hemming, 58, South Molton Street, where a complete record is kept of our customers special needs.

That's what is so encouraging about my treatment—you don't have to wait weeks for results. You can wake up *the very first morning* after you have started and see your skin clearer and smoother—*actually fairer* than when you went to bed. Wouldn't you feel keen to go on with a treatment that shows you such a difference . . . *so soon?*

#### OF COURSE IT IS THE SPECIAL LOTION—THE SECRET

Nothing else *could* do what this—the nucleus of the whole Cyclax system—can do for your skin. Because nothing else can really free it of *acid waste*—the clogging of discolouring poison that collects like a yellow film beneath the surface. Cyclax Special Lotion *attracts* this acid waste, irresistibly as a magnet. Overnight, while you sleep, it draws every particle of poison to the surface of your skin, when you can cream it away with skinfood before washing in the morning. After that your skin only *needs* a little massage night and morning with Cyclax Skinfood; a morning wash with the specially prepared Cyclax Soap; and a final finish with Cyclax liquid *non-greasy* powder base. Ten minutes night and morning will discipline it to perfect condition—*within and without* and start it each day afresh—*soap and water clean*; lovely as it will always be with this simple yet fastidious care.

Cyclax preparations are obtainable from high-class Stores, Chemists and Hairdressers throughout the country.

*Frances Hemming.*

# CYCLAX

58 SOUTH MOLTON ST., LONDON • BERLIN • PARIS • NEW YORK

*Cyclax Special Lotion* Draws acid waste from the skin 5/6, 10/6.

*Cyclax Skin Food* Nourishes and braces. Cyclax Special "O" Skinfood for dry skins, Cyclax Special "B" Skinfood for relaxed chins and throats, and Cyclax "Baby" Skin Food for exceptionally sensitive skins. 4/6, 7/6.

*Cyclax Complexion Milk* (slightly astringent). Prevents open pores and eradicates lines. 4/6, 7/6.

*Cyclax Soap* Has an exceptionally abundant lather which easily removes every trace of skin food. 3/6, per tablet.

*Cyclax Blended Lotion* A non greasy powder base. For dry skins Cyclax Sunburn Lotion is more effective. 4/6, 5/6.

*Cyclax Cleansing Lotion* Excellent for cleaning the face when washing is inconvenient. 1/6, 7/6.

*Cyclax Powder* In seven shades or specially blended to suit your colouring. 3/6, 4/6, 8/6.



## THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

## A Cinema Outfit.

Film fans will be delighted to hear that Vanité has created special outfits for them for 8½ guineas. They consist of a slimming black velvet skirt and over-blouse or coatee carried out in lamé; the sleeves and basque have kilted hems, while the necklines are softly arranged with cowl draperies. Fur and wrap-coats have no deleterious effect on them.

## Tailored Coats and Suits.

Aquascutum, 100, Regent Street, are past-masters in the art of building wrap coats and suits. They are responsible for those portrayed on this page. The coat is of grey cheviot tweed and, of course, the collar is adjustable. The collar is new, and so are the sleeves, the belt having an unusually practical fastening. The coat and skirt are of Scotch tweed; the working of the material of the coat is of great interest; it has a slimming effect and could be executed only by a skilled tailor. And now about this firm's new wrap coat; it is the smartest, lightest, and warmest affair imaginable. It is carried out in Irish tweeds in which brown, blue, red, and green predominate and has a reverse of pure natural camel hair which is revealed in the collar and cuffs. It is ideal for sports and country wear as well as for travelling. Very useful, too, are the featherweight weatherproofs (proofed without leather); they are made of fine double Egyptian cotton; they weigh only four ounces and cost £3.

## Smart Nurses' Uniforms.

For more years than one cares to acknowledge remembering, Garroulds, Edgware Road, have made a feature of nurses' outfits; they have passed the censorship of the authorities wherever the English language is spoken, and in many places where it is not. The Cromer model is

portrayed on page 214. The coat is hand-tailored and is made of shrunk and shower-proofed all-wool cloths; in gabardine it is 73s. 6d., and in botany serge 67s. 6d. There are other outfits at lower prices, particulars of which will be found in the illustrated brochure which will be sent gratis and post free. Neither must it be overlooked that the hats have been chosen with the main object of suiting the requirements of the modern woman. Decidedly useful garments are the combination dresses and overalls; they are smartly cut and made of guaranteed fadeless nurse cloth.

## Lan-air-cel.

The Lan-air-cel blanket is woven in a special cellular weave, which is scientifically designed to hold in its meshes small pockets of air; and as air is a non-conductor of heat and cold, that is the reason that the Lan-air-cel blanket is warm in winter and cool in summer. Another important point is that it adjusts itself to the temperature and ensures sound sleep without overheating or chill; it is woven in Scotland throughout, of the purest and finest wool. It is made either with whipped ends or satin bound, and it can be washed again and again without shrinking. It is sold by all outfitters of prestige.

## Made to Measure.

In accordance with their usual custom, Fenwick's, 62-63, New Bond Street, W., are specializing in coats and skirts made to measure for 10½ guineas. They have just issued a brochure—it will be sent gratis and post free—showing six of the designs that they are prepared to make for this price. Three are double-breasted and three single. There is no monotony, for instance, in one suit the useful pockets on the coat have been inspired by the pouch of the kangaroo; in another the pockets are inset; in another they have flaps. Furthermore, there is a splendid assortment of materials from which to choose, and from experience I know that the cut and tailoring are of exalted merit.

## Inexpensive and Practical.

All wishing to equip their wardrobe for the winter inexpensively and practically must write to Lilla, 7, Lower Grosvenor Place, Buckingham Palace Road, for her catalogue of inexpensive and practical frocks, coats, etc. For £4 14s. 6d. there are house frocks made of Fleurita, an uncrushable material that has the appearance of crêpe de chine; there are three designs and many fashionable colourings.



A WRAP COAT AND TAILORED SUIT

Designed and carried out by Aquascutum, 100, Regent Street, W.; the former is of grey cheviot tweed and the latter of Scotch

# lovely lingerie at lower Prices

Marshall & Snelgrove's Hairdressing Department is modernly equipped, and all forms of Beauty-lore are practised by experts only.



CAMI-KNICKERS

39/6

NIGHTGOWN

29/6

PYJAMAS

29/6

COATEE

25/9

Sent on Approval

- It's because we have the best lingerie cutter procurable, that they're made with such exquisite skill!
- It's because they're made in our own workrooms, they're so inexpensive!
- It's because the fabrics (like their wearers-to-be) look fragile and feminine, but stand a lot of wear and tear—and wash again and again.

Backless cami-knicker in satin beaufr with tight-fitting bodice of lace on silk skirt, which is cut circular to ensure a sleek fitting. In all colours, 39/6.

Nightdress of pure silk-satin Beaufr. Entirely hand-made, in our own workroom. Neck and armholes edged with lace with epaulettes of lace. In all colours, 29/6. Chemise to match, 25/9. Knickers to match, 25/9.

Pyjama-nightie in satin. V-neck trimmed with design of the reversed side of the satin. Coatee to match if desired. Pyjama-nightie, 29/6. Coatee, 25/9.

## MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

Debenhams Ltd. VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1



# What REDFERN of PARIS says—

*"There is no other jewel  
so flattering to a woman  
or a gown"*

Redfern of Paris! What a world of chic is summed up in that name. Baron de Graffenried-Villars, head of this famous house, gives you his opinion of pearls—and *Ciro Pearls*! "I always insist on my mannequins wearing them" he says... "there is no other jewel so flattering to a woman or a gown. They give to their wearer that 'air distingué' that every woman covets!"—"IN MY OPINION CIRO PEARLS ARE PERFECT REPRODUCTIONS AND I FRANKLY ADMIT THAT I COULD NOT TELL THEM FROM REAL!"

## \* CIRO'S UNIQUE OFFER

On receipt of one guinea we will send you a *Ciro Pearl Necklace* (16 inches long, with real gold or platinum clasp) in case complete. Wear it a fortnight and compare it with real pearls. If you can detect any difference, or if you are in any way dissatisfied, we will willingly return your money in full.



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No. 8  
POST FREE

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DUBLIN - - at Switzers  
MANCHESTER - 14 St. Ann's Sq.

BIRMINGHAM - 121 New Street  
BRISTOL - at J. F. Taylors, Ltd.  
LIVERPOOL - 23 Church Street  
SHEFFIELD - - 23 Fargate

EDINBURGH - - at Jenners  
GLASGOW - 65 Buchanan St.  
BERLIN - 14 Unter den Linden  
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## Eve at Golf—continued from p. 212

consequence had rather a hard time of it. The Cup went to Mrs. Cory Wright with 87—15=72. Mrs. Cory Wright, of course, used to be one of the pillars of the Ladies' Stage Golfing Society, as befitted the daughter of Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree. Scoring was specially good that day, for Mrs. Percy Garon won the Ladies' Scratch prize with 77, to do which she came home in 35, 3 under par. Miss Dorothy Pearson was 79. Second handicap went to Mrs. Walter Payne with 75 net, whilst as for the 9-hole foursomes, the ladies fairly set upon bogey and trounced him, for Miss Pim and Miss Garnham were 5 up, Mrs. Garon and Mrs. Garrett 4 up, and Miss Dix Perkin and Mrs. J. B. Walker 2 up. Mere man could do no better than 1 up.

Miss Gourlay has ended the season as she began it with something brilliant in the scoring line. She won the scratch prize in the Surrey Autumn Meeting at St. George's Hill with 75, and won both the handicap and scratch aggregates in the Spring and Autumn Meetings, Miss Livingstone being second in both cases, and actually only losing the handicap onatie. Second scratch prize at the Autumn Meeting went to Miss Joannides with a 77, which would have been good enough to win on many occasions.

The Middlesex Meetings saw good scoring too, for Miss Pim won the scratch with 77, Mrs. Mills second with 79, this meeting being held at Northwood. Miss Pim, like Miss Gourlay, won both the scratch and handicap aggregates on the Spring and Autumn Meetings. Golf, in fact, has been terribly good just lately.



MISS DOROTHY GILL IN "THE GONDOLIERS"

The picture shows Miss Gill in the part of the Duchess of Plaza Toro in "The Gondoliers." Miss Gill succeeds the late Miss Bertha Lewis in all the heavy contralto rôles, and has played all these parts in the New D'Oyly Carte Company. She has also had a big success as Lucy Lockett in "The Beggar's Opera" at Hammersmith. The D'Oyly Carte outer London season commences at Golders Green Hippodrome on November 9, and the next date is Streatham Hill, November 30—a three weeks' season at each theatre.

## Rural Haunts—continued from p. 210

will. None congratulated him more hearty than Zekial Sheldrake who come in about then, only he warned him to keep it up reg'lar.

"I don't know as I shan't," says Wally, "but it be a waste of good stuff. Reckon a pot of water'd do him as much good where he is. All he wants is to cool his poor ole throat. Reckon ghose don't have no sense of taste."

"Oh, don't they," says Zekial. "Reckon if you tries on any of them games, ole grand-dad'll haunt ee worse'n ever."

"Ee can't taste nothin'," says Wally, confident-like, "and I'll tell ee for why, 'cause I put a great hairy spider and a nasty ole slug in that there pot of beer. Reckon ole ghose've swallowed both they."

"A few minutes attar that Zekial was took ill. He clap his hand to his mouth like as if he wanted to keep something down and bolted into yard like a pig to a trough. Said attarwards as how he was took with the potomaine poisoning along with a pie his missis had made him. I remembers Wally askin' if he were sure it weren't pot-o'-something-else were wrong with he that time, but Zekial seem to think that that remark were bad taste, and seemingly he'd had enough o' that. And not suprisin' neither, why whenever I tell of it I feels as if I needed something to take the taste out of my mouth, I do cruel."

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*On the left is a very attractive Set in black Galliac Lamb, trimmed with Ermine.*

TIE - 11 Gns.

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*It is also made in Beige-dyed or Sable-dyed Squirrel.*

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*The above very effective Coat is in Natural Ocelot.*

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*A very handsome and becoming Model in fine quality Broadtail.*

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29 Gns.

*Or with collar of fine quality Natural Skunk.*

35 Gns.



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THE strappings can be adjusted to suit any full figure according to the support required, and can be also adapted to give special abdominal support after an operation.

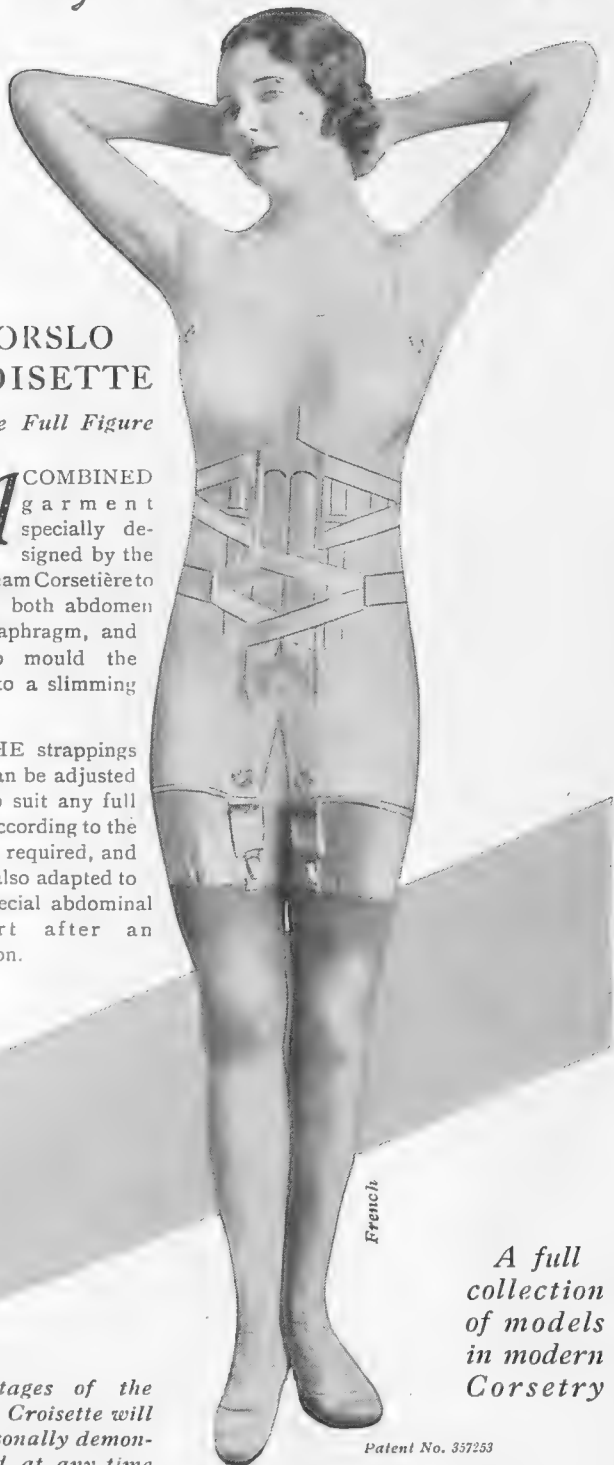
The advantages of the Corslo Croisette will be personally demonstrated at any time to those interested or Models will be sent on approval.

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# RACING RAGOUT

By "GUARD-RAIL"

LATE racing at Newbury was discontinued at the last meeting, and though many trainer-owners and officials may find it more convenient the ordinary race-goer deplors it as leaving no loop-hole for escape from eating the race-course lunch. Why carefully nurtured people, perhaps even shy doers away from home, should be expected to eat dark-blue or burnt lumps of fibre and cabbage which would cause a mutiny in Sing Sing is a mystery. A fine day and six winning favourites were a record for Newbury, though the only outstanding features of interest in the day's racing were the magnificent race ridden by Carslake on Hot Bun and the ease with which Perfect Knight won his race.

The early part of the week was entirely overwhelmed by the election, of which the full results, not yet known as I write, have exceeded the wildest dreams, especially of those who were a "bear" of majorities at about 200. With practically the entire House, National Party and the Opposition bench, reduced to about a couple of camp stools, this party can do what it likes, put England on her feet again, or are even big enough to split up into two or three internal parties and scrap amongst themselves—a form of government which no true politician can resist. During the election most racing folk were working hard canvassing. Major "Vandy" Beatty secured silence for his maiden speech in aid of Lord Borodale by promising the winner of the Cambridgeshire—a fact far nearer most men's hearts than elections.

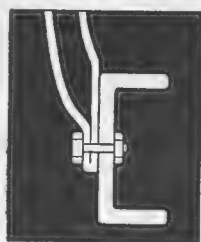
Lord Borodale was returned, and it will be a good tonic to "The Admiral," who is laid up with a broken jaw from schooling. The maiden speech of another trainer to his lads is worthy of record. "Boys," said he, "far be it from me in any way to influence your opinions, but this much about the political situation I feel I ought to tell you. Should the Socialist Government come in, this yard closes down on Saturday and you are all sacked. Now off you go to vote." Election night was, on the whole, pretty quiet, as people got tired of incessantly cheering and there was nothing to boo at—it was obviously merely a walk-over. Wednesday, Cambridgeshire day, saw a huge crowd at Newmarket, all talking election stuff and watching the results go up like totalisator figures on the number boards. Manton form, with five figures so near at hand, suddenly seemed to have left them. Concordia, looked on by many as being the best filly of the year, ran no sort of a race at all, being beaten even by Actor, whose form won't bear much inspection in this sort of class. Spencer, looked on as the best thing of the day, went under a short head after a race which, unless he is the gamest horse in training, will leave its mark on him, and Link Boy made no sort of a show in the big race.

As no one else is likely to pat my back, I shall have to point out myself that Disarmament has been quoted here as the best outsider for the Cambridgeshire ever since his runaway win at Nottingham. It is hard enough to pick out a winner in running in any race, but coming to the top of bushes hill Disarmament was going so well within himself that Nevett just took a pull at him to collect him for his run and obviously had the race more or less at his mercy. Too much credit cannot be given to Vasey for his appearance and to Nevett for his riding; his owner, unfortunately, can get no credit on his £100,000 to £100 double which so nearly came off. With Noble Star an absentee the thing was done, and it is unlikely that he will ever have such another chance.

A most regrettable motor accident occurred on the way to the course when a well-known racing gentleman, a manager and part owner of race-horses, was turned over in a car by the girl who was driving him. Chivalrously breaking his friend's fall, but being constructed with insufficiently strong cross-beams, he sustained a broken rib, than which there could be no more distressing injury to one afflicted with a chronic cough. This all goes to show the danger of badinage in the modern, swift-running automobile.

The season so far as the man or woman who races for pleasure is concerned is to all intents and purposes at an end, and a most eventful one it has been. The best lot of three-year-olds we have seen for many years, mostly at Manton, has largely helped them to break the record of stake money, and with the Golden Hair colt and Manna-mead, both smashing two-year-olds, they look like having, with the aid of a classic or two, just as good a year next year. Alarums and excursions with too much public washing of Dhobie and crying of Bombay Duck have occurred during the last month or so, always a pity. Barring the world-wide interest taken in the Dublin sweep on a most uninteresting handicap (probably stopped by fog), the great majority of race-goers are scattering to the sun or the various hunting countries, and personally my only further interest in racing will be a visit to Edgar Wallace's *The Calendar*, on the flickers to see the people that a filmland Lord Chamberlain allows into a royal enclosure, each one ready to stop a horse or rob the blind. In consequence, my editor will not stand me writing anything further this year, and I will close by wishing everyone an open winter, with the fervent hope that happiness has been brought into many a not so humble home by my magnificent Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire double. "Wot did I tell yer?"

# Steel gripped to Steel . . . that's the modern way; that's the P·S·C 'one-piece' principle

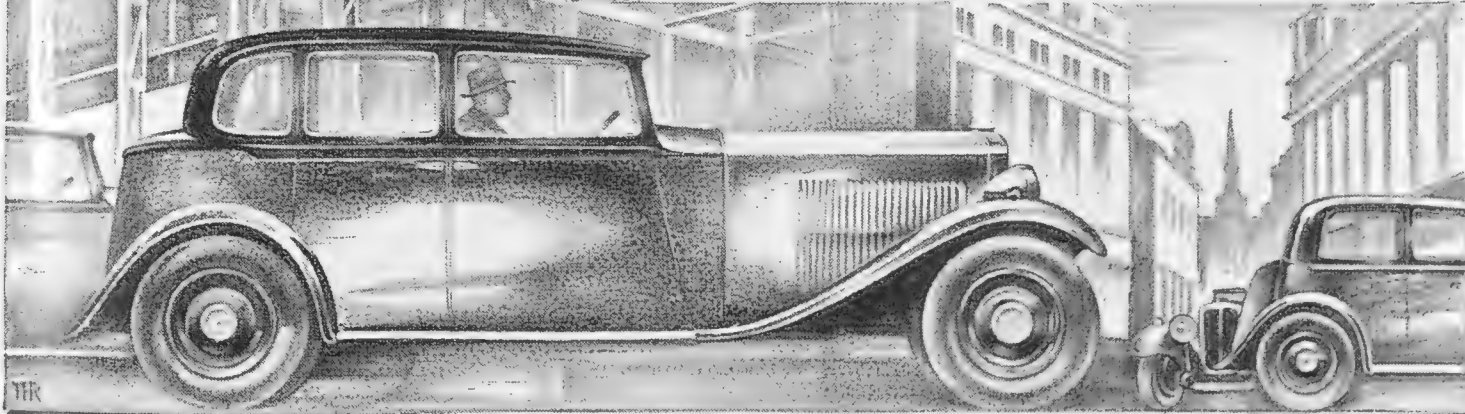
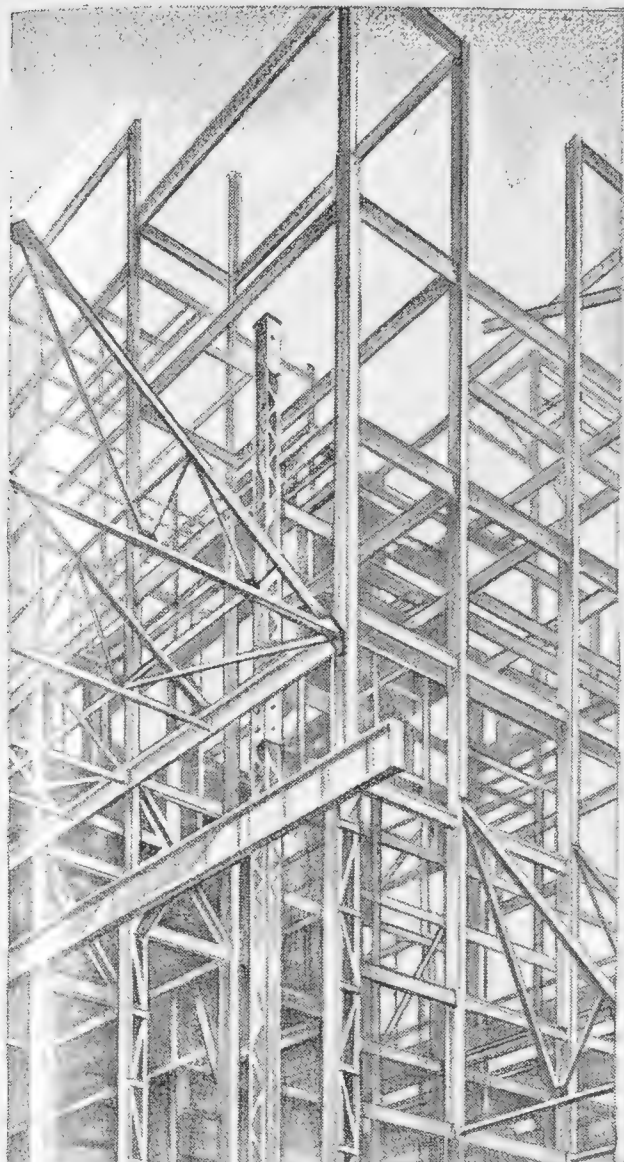


A 'one-piece' car is made for modern conditions. Body and chassis are built together; 'one-piece', gripping one another. Pillars and members are slim and inflexible; 'one-piece', welded together. Body and chassis and members are steel . . . 'one-piece', pressed and toughened, light and strong; safe and lasting; P·S·C Pressed Steel.

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M.G., are using P·S·C PRESSED STEEL



## PRESSED STEEL COMPANY OXFORD



## Pictures in the Fire

(continued from p. 202)

on the other side of the Ravi river from Lahore—and about that there is a story. From the old Lahore Fort there are subterranean passages running out under the river to Jehanghir's tomb, and also so they say out as far as Meean Mir, which is six miles away. The riches buried somewhere here are said to be prodigious, but no one has ever found them though many have tried. One person, a rich native *bunni*, obviously thought he knew, for he offered the Government of India a sum of about £30,000 for one week's uninterrupted tenancy of the Fort. It was refused. Shortly after this two young subalterns thought they would have a try. They went into the tunnels from the Lahore Fort end; they have never since been seen nor heard of. Two more people tried, taking the precaution to have long balls of yarn as a guide to finding their way back. They thought all was going well when they found that their string was not paying out! It had snapped. Luckily they got out, scared stiff of course, for the place they say is full of snakes—and so far as I know no one has ever been able to make a further attempt, for a sentry was posted at the entrance to the tunnels, and this custom may still prevail. Whether anyone better equipped than were the unfortunates who have already perished can hope to solve the secret of Shadrah, I do not know. Mr. Snake, other things quite apart, I should think is a safe custodian of the old Moghul Emperor's little treasure! The legend is that Nurjehan, the Empress, laid a curse on anyone who tried to disturb the last sleep of her Emperor and herself. Perhaps there's summat in this—anyway these are the facts.



ENGAGED: CAPTAIN NORMAN BIRCH AND MISS URSULA LANGDALE

A picture taken just before a meet of the Burton Constable Beagles, of which Captain Norman Birch is Master, at his house, Raby Lodge, Brough, East Yorkshire. Miss Ursula Langdale is the youngest daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Langdale of Houghton Hall, near Market Weighton

A propos a recent reference to that sporting region of what was Bohemia but is now Czecho-Slovakia, Pardubice, with which the Kinsky family has had such a long connection, where both fox-hunting and steeplechasing are concerned, Mr. C. J. Bujnák, who is Czecho-Slovakian Consul in London, has kindly sent me some detail of the Grand Steeplechase of Pardubice (the Austrian Grand National) which was run on October 4, and was the forty-ninth anniversary. Mr. Bujnák writes:

The colours of the Kinsky family were again successful, as two of the horses owned by R. Zd. Kinsky, namely, Pohanka and Norbert, were first and third respectively, the former having been ridden by the French Lieutenant Durand, while Norbert was again ridden by the Countess Brandis, who tried her luck this year for the third time. When she rode for the first time in the Grand Pardubice Steeplechase she came in fifth after several falls; the second time she was fourth, and now she has been successful in gaining third place. In addition, it is rather interesting to note that of the twelve starters three were half-bred horses, and all three were placed. The thoroughbred horses could not act this year owing to the rather deep going. Pohanka, the winner, is a hunter bred by R. Zd. Kinsky from Nedbal out of Piacenca, the sire of Nedbal having been Magyarad, who in his turn was twice first in the Grand Steeplechase of Pardubice. There were several baddish falls due to the above-mentioned soft ground, and I am rather impatiently awaiting some pictures of the race, which—if there are any published in the sporting press in Czecho-Slovakia—I shall take the liberty of sending you.

Mr. Bujnák, incidentally, is a very good amateur artist, and makes horses, hunting, and steeplechasing his particular study. He is a tremendous admirer of the work of my friend, Mr. Lionel Edwards, and has a really good collection of his pictures.

## Everyone likes the 'nutty' flavour

When the grocer sent some other kind of Water Biscuits, the whole family rose to protest. "*But these aren't Jacobs!*" They missed at once the delicate crispness, and the real nutty flavour that make Jacob's Water Biscuits the only right accompaniment to cheese among discerning people. Don't let your grocer make the same mistake. He's sure to have Jacob's—loose, in  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. packets, or 1/3, 2/- and 2/5 tins.

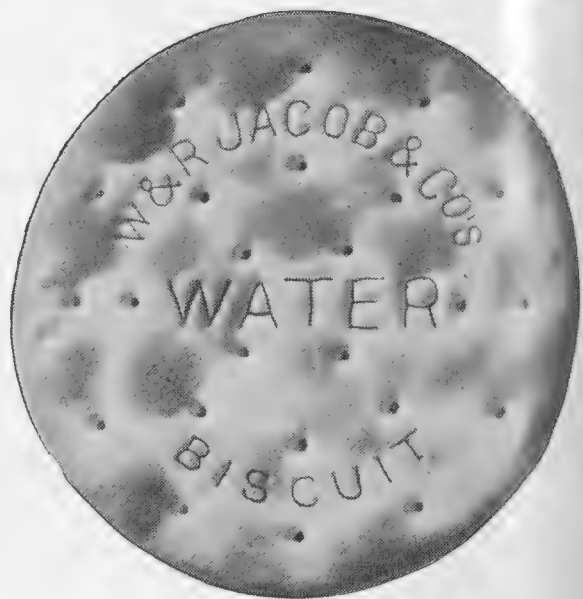
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Trousers . . . . . 45/-

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***British, of course***



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## LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

There are several Specialists' Club Shows taking place in November. These are always interesting to students of dogs, as they are usually quiet and peaceful affairs and one can study the dogs in a way one cannot in the hurry and bustle of a general show. The Great Dane Breeders' Association has a show on November 4, the day these notes appear; also the North Schipperke Club and the Southern Cairn Terrier Club's Open Show takes place at the St. Marybone Hall that day. The judges are Lady Sophie Scott and Miss Trefusis. No one interested in cairns should miss this show. The "Met. and Essex" Championship Show takes place on the following day, November 5, at the Crystal Palace.

Yellow labradors are now becoming so popular that at some shows they outnumber the black ones. At the recent Kennel Club Show they not only competed in the ordinary classes but also had a series of classes to themselves. They are coming on well at Trials, too. The Yellow Labrador Club held its Trials at Birdsall in Yorkshire. The Open Stake was won by Knaith Brock, the property of Mrs. Wormald, whose yellow labradors are so well known. Knaith Bliss was equal reserve, while Knaith Busby was awarded a certificate of



PUG PUPPY

The property of Miss Hatrick

merit. Mrs. Wormald's kennel is not a large one, but all her dogs are used as ordinary shooting dogs. She has been as successful on the bench as at Trials.

The cocker 'continues to maintain his place as one of the most popular breeds; he has every cause to be popular, as apart from his value as a sporting dog he has a delightful character as a companion. He is very good-tempered and intelligent, also good to look at. Of popular cockers goldens are one of the most sought after. Miss Body sends a delightful picture of her golden family; they are especially nice pups, now four months old, very hardy and strong and well-bred of course. She also has a golden cocker bitch for sale, eleven months old, house-trained and very obedient. Miss Body will accept a very low price indeed for her, as she wants the room for the young pups.

Miss Hatrick sends an entrancing picture of a pug pup; the young lady was five weeks old when this was taken and certainly shows great promise. She is a daughter of Champion Penella of Inver. There is always something attractive about a pug puppy, and this one is particularly so. Miss Hatrick's dogs are well known to all frequenters of shows, and this one looks like being a credit to her family.

The smooth dachshund is another breed that is always popular, and he has a very great deal to recommend him. In his native land he is used as a sporting terrier is here, but in this country his rôle is chiefly that of housedog and companion, and admirably he is fitted for it. He is extremely intelligent, very affectionate, and a convenient size for walking and motoring, while his shiny short coat, besides looking very smart, brings in no dirt. Miss Keswick sends a picture of some dachshund pups she has for sale; they are three months old, and she says "little beauties, so strong and healthy." The sire has won many firsts at championship shows. These are three gentlemen and three ladies, all red, except one lady who is black and tan. Olivia Lady Cairns also has some dachshund pups for sale who are the much-prized dapple in colour.

All letters to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



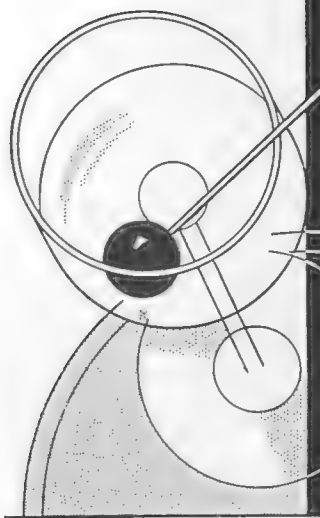
DACHSHUND PUPS

The property of Miss Keswick



GOLDEN COCKERS

The property of Miss Body



# GOOD GIN GOOD COCKTAIL!

• No matter if it's a crisp Clover Club, a sly Silver Slipper or a hectic Horse's Neck, only good gin makes a good cocktail. Make sure that gin does you good while it's giving you pleasure. Make sure by using Holloway's Dry London double distilled and crystal clear. Holloway's is silver well spent always.

# HOLLOWAY'S

GIN always

HOLLOWAY'S GIN DISTILLERY CO. MONKTON ST., KENNINGTON, LONDON.S.E.



## Liverish People Need Vichy-Célestins

IN the famous Vichy-Célestins Natural Mineral Water, Nature supplies just those salts and other mineral elements which repel liverish tendencies.

Vichy-Célestins is a natural orderly which helps the liver to function normally.

Vichy-Célestins is very pleasant to the taste, and may be taken at meals and at any other period of the day.

The French Natural Mineral Water.

## VICHY-CÉLESTINS

Obtainable everywhere.

CAUTION.—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the Sole Wholesale Agents:

INGRAM & ROYLE, LTD.,

Bangor Wharf, 45 Belvedere Road,  
London, S.E.1.



# ALL SEASONS ARE ALIKE TO THE OWNER OF A NEW FORD



Hot or cold, fine or stormy, the FORD Owner scores. Whether he prefers closed, convertible or open body-work, textile or leathern upholstery, bright, lively colour-schemes or something a little more sedate, he — *or*, of course, she — can find just what is wanted, *really* wanted, in the New FORD range of passenger cars.

Look at that illustrated: It is the New De Luxe Fordor saloon, £225 at Works. It seats five fully-grown folk really roomily. It has a safety-glass windscreen and an automatic screen-wiper. It has illuminated direction-indicators, four double-acting hydraulic shock-absorbers, four-wheel brakes, fenders (or bumpers)

fore and aft, five detachable wheels with amply large tyres, a combined stop and tail light, a lamp on the instrument-board, speedometer, theft-proof ignition-lock, petrol-gauge, and the exterior of the body is finished in cellulose lacquer and stainless steel — the next thing to self-cleaning. Inside the rear compartment are arm-rests at either end of the seat, and a disappearing centre-rest. The sunshine roof is noiseless, draught-proof, leak-proof.

As fast as it's safe to travel, this New FORD model costs less, to buy, to run, to maintain, year after year, than any other car of its carrying-capacity and performance; yet its price is £225, at Works.

LINCOLN



FORDSON

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## WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

### In Calcutta.

The marriage arranged between Mr. Frank Woolley Smith of Assam, and Miss Helen Everest, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Everest of 46, Clifton Road, Rugby, will take place in Calcutta on January 5.

### This Month.

Some time this month Mr. John W. K. Pease and Miss Sigrid Hudson are being married in London; on the 21st, Mr. Archibald Hector MacColl and Miss Helen Veronica Hue Williams are to be married quietly at St. Peter's Church, Cranley Gardens; on the same day

Mr. Horatio Herbert Renshaw marries Miss Nona Dixon at St. Peter's, Norbiton; Mr. George Krag Pederson-Krag, and Dr. Geraldine Huanayra Cowle have chosen the 25th for their wedding.

### December Weddings.

On December 3, Mr. John Ridgeway McNeill Shelford, the West Yorkshire Regiment, and Miss Beatrice (Betty) Deuchar are to be married at St. George's Church, Hanover Square; also in December is the marriage of Mr. Charles Matthews Duncan, and Miss Betty Goddard, which is to take place quietly in London.

### Recently Engaged.

Mr. Duncan Mackinnon, the elder son of the late Mr. William Mackinnon and of Mrs. William Mackinnon of Balinakill, Clachan, Argyll, and 18, Hans Crescent, S.W., and Miss Pamela Rachel Brassey, the second daughter of Captain R. B. Brassey of Cottesbrooke Hall, Northampton; Dr. Patrick O'Donovan of Nottingham, and Miss M. S. ("Tiny") Dobson, the youngest daughter of Mrs. J. G. Dobson of the Ropewalk, Nottingham; Captain F. R. J. Peel, M.C., Chief Constable of Bath, the only son of Mr. Walter Peel, C.B.E., of Chester, and Miss Daphne Margaret Holwell Pakenham, the only daughter of Commander A. McC. Pakenham, R.D., R.N.R., and Mrs. Pakenham of Mount Beacon, Bath; Mr. Edward Geoffrey Haslam, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Haslam of Broom House, Sheepbridge, Chesterfield, and Miss Vera Irene Payne, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Payne of Oaklands, Northwood, Middlesex. Mr. Aldersey Maynard Taylor, only son of Mr. Alfred Egerton Maynard Taylor and Mrs. Taylor of The Pond House, Codicote, Hitchin, Herts, and Miss Elizabeth Emily Prudence Close-Brooks, the only daughter of the late John Charles Close-Brooks, 1st Life Guards, and Mrs. Close-Brooks of Liscombe House, Frensham, Surrey, and grand-daughter of the late Major-General Beresford-Lovett, C.B., C.S.I.; Mr. H. Denis Winther, only son of the late Mr. H. L. N. Winther and of Mrs. Winther of 3, Heathview Gardens, Putney Heath, and Miss Deborah Adams, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Scovell Adams of Langshaw, Limsfield.



MR. AND MRS. R. GORDON LAING

Who were married on October 14 in Glasgow. Mr. R. Gordon Laing is the younger son of Ex. Bailie Robert Laing, J.P., and of Mrs. Laing of 9, Arnwood Drive, Glasgow. The bride was formerly Miss Kitty Wright, and is the younger daughter of Mr. W. Andrew Wright, J.P., F.F.S., and of Mrs. Wright of 2, Kirklee Circus, Glasgow



MRS. H. SILVA DRABBLE

Formerly Miss Doreen Avis Potter, the younger daughter of Mr. J. H. Potter and the late Mrs. Potter of "Five Oaks." She was married on October 15 to Dr. H. Silva Drabble

*Designed by a Royal Academician*



Nothing in Table Ware has so stirred the imagination and interest for many years, as the new "BRANGWYN" Pottery, designed by a master—Mr. Frank Brangwyn, R.A.

In perfect harmony with English Oak and English Homes.

You can buy "Brangwyn" without extravagance

Dinner Sets for 6 persons 116/- Single decorative pieces from 5/-

Ask for

ROYAL DOULTON AT YOUR CHINA SHOP

Doulton Figures are the most popular Xmas gifts.

**Royal Doulton**

The Royal Doulton Potteries, Burslem, Stoke-on-Trent



*Stay at English  
Resorts this Winter*

Mr. Snowden's urgent appeal to "Winter" in England is significant that the country needs everyone's support in her great financial crisis.

BOURNEMOUTH offers an unrivalled winter programme of Entertainment, Recreation and Sport—with charming coastal and inland scenery, unrivalled hotel facilities and tariffs.

Write for Winter literature and Guide free from the Town Clerk, Room 12a, Town Hall, Bournemouth.

*Winter at*  
**BOURNEMOUTH**  
*"Where Summer Winters"*



**MONDAY :** I wonder if this new technique will ever make my teeth white and attractive?



**TUESDAY :** I can't believe my eyes! Ugly yellow and stain are actually disappearing!



**WEDNESDAY :** Now I know that anyone can have clean, sparkling white teeth. Look at mine!

## How new technique *WHITENS TEETH* 3 shades in 3 days

Use the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique for just 3 days—a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush, morning and night. Then note the improvement. Teeth look 3 shades whiter. Gums feel firmer; they are healthier. Your mouth tingles with a clean, fresh taste.

When Kolynos enters the mouth it becomes an antiseptic FOAM that gets into every pit, fissure and crevice and quickly kills the millions of germs that sweep into the mouth with every breath and cause stain, discoloration, decay and most gum

diseases. Acids are neutralized, tartar is erased and the mouth is purified.

Thus teeth are easily and quickly cleaned as they should be cleaned—right down to the beautiful, naked white enamel without injury.

### *Make This Test*

If you want sound, sparkling white teeth and firm, pink gums, start using the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique—get a tube of Kolynos—the antiseptic Dental Cream—from your chemist to-day.

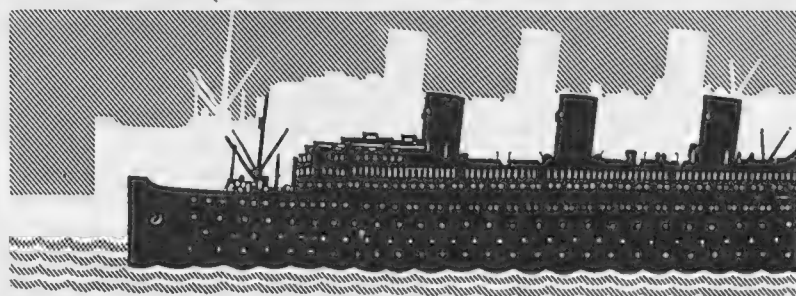
# KOLYNOS

*the antiseptic*  
**DENTAL CREAM**

MADE IN ENGLAND

**LIQUID  
KOLYNOS**

The antiseptic and delightfully refreshing mouth-wash, gargle, or spray (highly concentrated).  
**PRICE NOW 1/9 per flask—at all chemists.**



## London— Plymouth —New York

*“The Route that Cuts off the Corner”*

Trains are faster than Ships. EMBARK at Plymouth, the nearest Ocean Port to New York, and so substitute a mile-a-minute in a Boat Train for a passage down Channel together with its concomitant—a continental call *en route*.

## IF CROWS FLEW TO NEW YORK

they would unquestionably go “as the crow flies”—they would follow the French Line route, for London—Plymouth—New York is as straight a line as any crow ever flew.

From the moment the Boat Train leaves London, the New York bound passenger is travelling “as the crow flies” when he travels “Via Plymouth.”

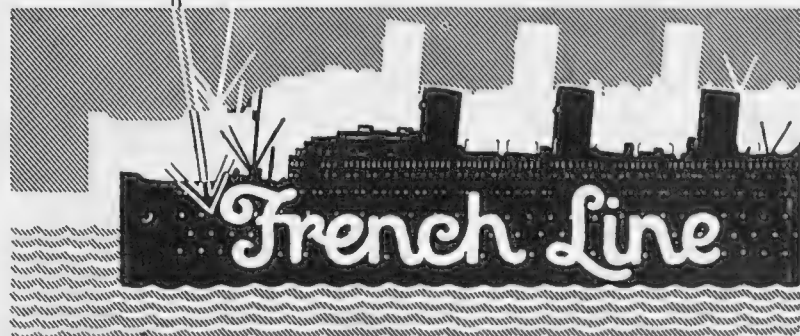
Cross by one of the three liners—

“FRANCE,” “PARIS,” “ILE DE FRANCE,”

or the exceedingly popular cabin liners—

“LAFAYETTE,” “DE GRASSE.”

*Direct  
by the*



Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, Ltd.,

20, Cockspur Street, London, S.W. 1

or all leading Travel Agents.



## THE ART OF BEING LOVELY

### Beauty Day by Day.

A question that sensible women are frequently asking is, "How can I bring my skin to perfection?" First of all the skin must be studied and it must be decided just what Nature meant it to be at its best. There is the skin that is fair, white, and transparent as a white rose petal with a delicate flush. There is the creamy one that is seen in alliance with certain tones of golden hair; it deepens to a warm carnation on the cheeks. Then there is the one with rich, gipsy colourings that Velasquez loved to paint; but perhaps the loveliest of all is the complexion with a rare, smooth whiteness which suggests camellias and velvet. Now each of these skins needs a different kind of treatment, different combinations of creams and lotions, different coloured powders, different accentuations in the art of make-up. The beauty of the complexion may be increased if a visit is paid to the Cyclax salons, 58, South Molton Street.



A CYCLAX BEAUTY BOX

It is fitted with mirror, and contains all the preparations necessary in the Cyclax Home Treatments, as well as rouge, eye-black, and cotton wool

### Cyclax Home Treatments.

A fact that cannot be made too widely known is that the Cyclax beauty preparations maintain a constant and complete defence against all conditions that can harm the skin. They afford protection not merely from dirt and dust that threaten it externally, but from the more subtle and elusive dangers that lurk within. Under the stress of busy days, late nights, and over-fatigue, acid waste forms in the blood, collects in cells and tissues far below the surface, and that waste must be removed before the skin can breathe and function properly. Now there is a Cyclax special lotion that actually draws the waste out during the hours of rest; every particle comes to the surface, where it can be removed with soap and water in the morning. Cream is used at night to brace and nourish and in the morning before washing. Every trace of it must be removed ere powdering, and the skin prepared for the day with a liquid, non-greasy powder base which gives the maximum protection and resistance. Illustrated on this page is an 18s. 6d. Beauty Box.



LINDISFARNE  
6th CENTURY



Just as good  
with water  
as with soda.

The  
"Antiquary"

The First Old Liqueur  
SCOTCH WHISKY

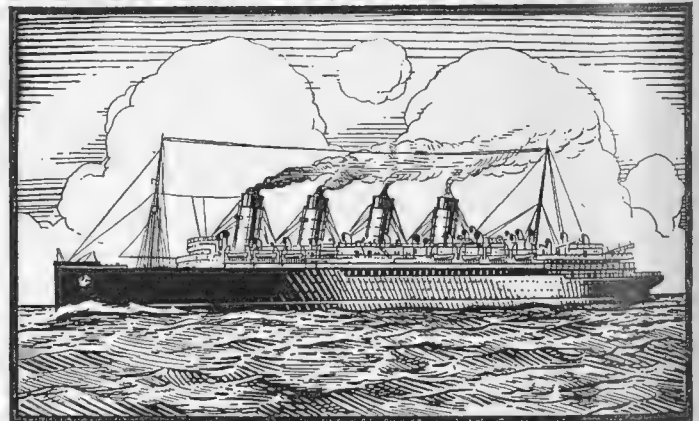
"ANTIQUARY" has mellowness, richness and bouquet that is a delight to the connoisseur. It has won the enthusiastic approval of a wide, and ever increasing, number of admirers. It is the ideal beverage to tone up the system, cheer the spirits and encourage good fellowship.

Should you have  
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write for name  
and address of  
the nearest agent,  
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Make it Your  
Home Whisky

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## FAMOUS BRITISH SHIPS



### THE MAURETANIA

Built at Newcastle-on-Tyne, the Cunard liner "Mauretania" showed early promise of her speed by crossing in 1910 from Liverpool to New York in 4 days 10 hours 41 minutes, thus winning

the Blue Riband of the Atlantic, which she held against all comers until 1929. Chedlet Cheese holds its own against all comers for real value. Its flavour is delicious. Its quality supreme. No Rind. No Waste.

**CHEDLET**  
**CHEESE** REGD

APLIN & BARRETT & THE WESTERN COUNTIES CREAMERIES LTD.

# The Man who COUGHED at the Bridge Tournament...

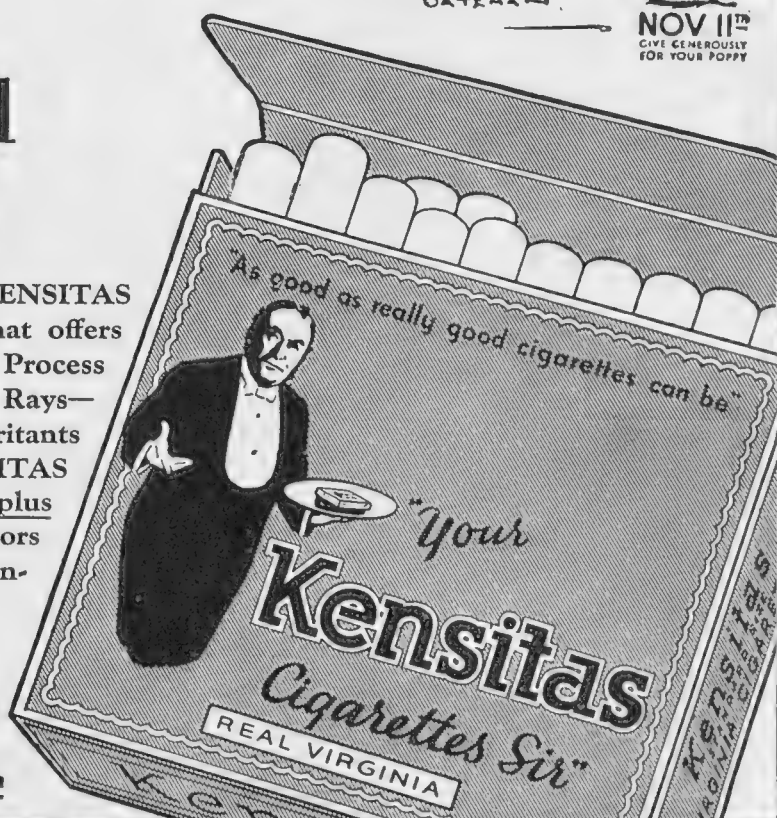


## KENSITAS would have saved him!

Be careful in your choice of cigarettes! Choose KENSITAS—the only cigarette in the United Kingdom that offers the throat protection of that exclusive Private Process which includes the use of modern Ultra-Violet Rays—the process that expels certain biting, harsh irritants naturally present in every tobacco leaf. KENSITAS offers the finest, choicest, real Virginia tobacco, plus throat protection. No wonder 1004 British Doctors have stated KENSITAS to be less irritating. No wonder KENSITAS are always kind to your throat.

"With **Ultra-Violet** Rays"

Your Throat Protection — against irritation — against cough



**TWENTY FOR ONE SHILLING**



# HARVEY NICHOLS



Picture by Blake

**F**URS bought at Harvey Nichols are furs above reproach. This is just one of their many lovely coats that are yet moderate in price... of beautifully marked Brown Ponyskin, made on slightly waisted lines, and finished with a new and handsome collar of otter-dyed musquash. This coat will wear for several seasons; it is priced at **49 Gns.**

Harvey Nichols & Co. Ltd., Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1

## NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, make an urgent appeal for an old lady of eighty-three, who is quite alone in the world. Her husband died many years ago, and she never had any children, and has outlived all her relations and friends. In her married life she had a comfortable home; now she lives in one little room which, however, she keeps beautifully clean, and she tries to manage on her old-age pension of 10s. a week and a gift of 4s. from a friend. The Friends of the Poor want to give her 6s. a week, and so make up her income to £1 a week and enable her to have a fire and a few extra comforts this winter. She still goes out nearly every day in weather in which her landlady says she herself would not venture. Her one dread is to have to go into any kind of home or institution. She really does deserve a little help; £7 4s. would give her this extra allowance over the winter.

Sir Gerald du Maurier, who is on tour with *The Ware Case*, and is appearing in this play at the Golders Green Hippodrome this week, has been bringing off a most successful wheeze. In the programme there is a notice to the effect that he will make a bet with any member of the audience that they will not guess who killed Hubert Ware before the end of the third act. At the end of the show he comes before the curtain and says that he leaves the audience on their honour as regards their bets, and if they guessed right the bet is off, but if they were wrong there is a box for the Actors' Benevolent Fund in the hall in which to put their lost bets. No doubt this sounds very audacious and perhaps childish, but the fact remains that he has managed to collect between £100 and £150 from nearly every town that he has visited. All this seems to be a marvellous tribute to the sense of humour and honour of the British public.

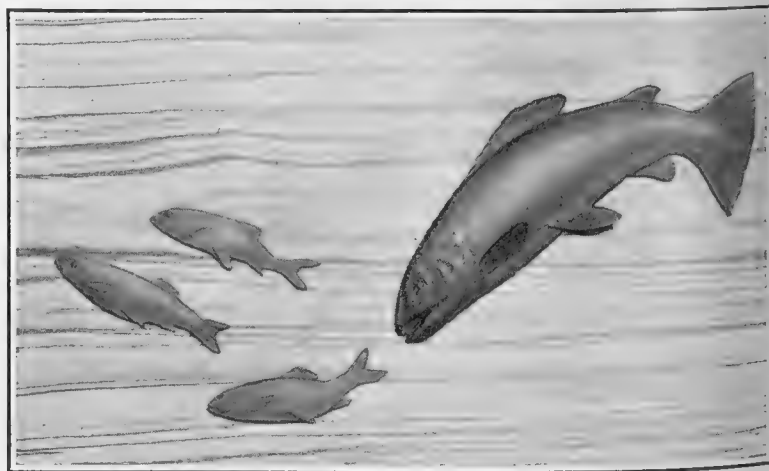


Victor Hay

THE LATE SIR THOMAS LATHAM AND MRS. HAMILTON, HIS DAUGHTER

Sir Thomas Latham's death took place on the eve of the poll in the Scarborough and Whitby Division, for which his son, who was then Mr. Paul Latham, got in with a Conservative majority of 25,450. Lady Edward Hay is another sister of the present baronet, Sir Paul Latham.

Lady Howard de Walden will be president and the Duchess of Westminster will be vice-president of a committee which is being formed in connection with a Midnight Ballet Party to take place on Tuesday, December 15 next at the Carlton Theatre. This beautiful house has been most generously placed at the disposal of the committee by the directors of the Paramount Film Company and a *première* of an important film will be shown at 11 that evening. The programme of the ballet, which will follow the film, will be arranged by the Camargo Society for the Production of Ballet, with the invaluable co-operation of Madame Rambert and her dancers. The proceeds of the evening are to be devoted to Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital.



"HUNGRY TROUT"

A carving in wood by A. Borlase Eady, an interesting exhibition of whose work in wood opened last Monday at the Sporting Gallery, 32, King Street, Covent Garden. Mr. Eady is a fisherman as well as a craftsman, and his carvings have thus a peculiar appeal to all who have handled a fly-rod. Some of the exhibits are in the form of decorative panels like the above, while others are made up into such articles as tackle-cupboards, caskets, pipe-racks, etc.



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## A Famous "Blue & Gold" Production

Almost every social occasion calls for the added enjoyment of "4711." The unique refreshing qualities of this exquisite and genuine Eau de Cologne appeal especially to cultured women who, throughout a Season crowded with engagements, must retain effortless animation and poise. "4711" Eau de Cologne imparts to dainty womanhood a personal and graceful charm, applied to the temples and the nape of the neck, it relieves headache, a little on the kerchief or in the palms of the hands ensures a cool, sweet atmosphere. There is a famous "4711" Eau de Cologne Toiletry for every purpose—Vanishing Cream, Face Powder, Bath and Talcum Powders, Shampoos, Toilet and Bath Soaps, and Bath Salts—as well as a series of excellent "4711" Beauty Aids in other fragrant odours. The easily recognised Blue and Gold Label identifies them all.



"4711" Eau de Cologne  
In convenient sizes for every purpose  
and a wide range of prices including  
2/6, 4/9, 8/9, 10/6, 15/6 and 36/-

"4711" Eau de Cologne  
In wicker covered bottles at 7/6,  
14/-, 27/6 and 52/6.

"4711" Eau de Cologne  
In pear shaped bottle with nickel  
screw cap - - - - - 10/6



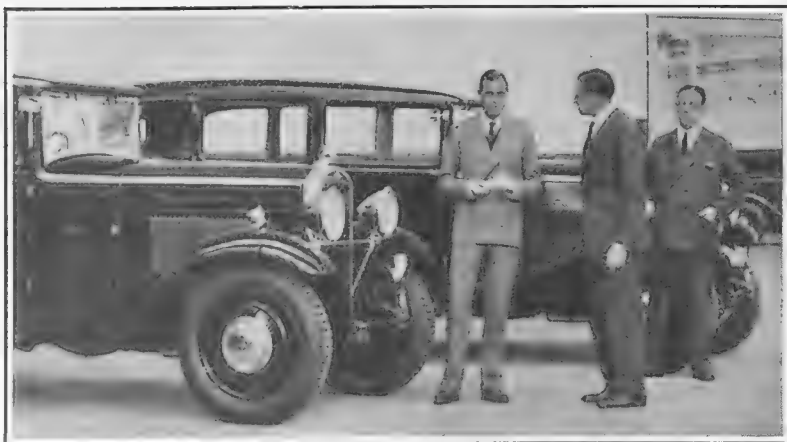
**Genuine**  
Eau de  
**Cologne**  
Blue & Gold Label

Gar. F.C. 15a.



## MOTOR AND AIR NOTES

Messrs. C. C. Wakefield and Company have produced an attractive little booklet entitled "Achievements of 1931," which tells of the prowess of British drivers and pilots and of British enterprise during the year. Greatest among our achievements on land is Sir Malcolm Campbell's



VISIT OF H.R.H. PRINCE GEORGE TO THE HUMBER AND HILLMAN FACTORIES

H.R.H. Prince George is here seen inspecting some of the Humber cars which were exhibited at Olympia. Talking to him is Mr. R. C. Rootes, while behind is Mr. L. Davey, the Humber Sales Manager

world's speed record of 246 m.p.h., which he secured in the *Bluebird* at Daytona last February. Many successes have been gained by G. E. T. Eyston in this year's baby "war." He was the first to exceed 100 m.p.h. in a car of under 750 cc.—an M.G. Midget; and lately, again in a Midget, he averaged over 100 m.p.h. for a whole hour, one of the most difficult feats yet performed in a car of this type. No woman has ever yet exceeded the speed of 140 m.p.h. attained by Mrs. G. M. Stewart in a record-breaking run at Montlhéry early in the year. Mrs. Stewart, incidentally, is the only woman driver to hold a world's record. She holds two, and has twice bettered her own record for 100 kilos.

Since Air Service Training, Limited, was opened by H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester in June the school has been very busy, 160 civilian pupils and officers of the Royal Air Force Reserve having passed through it up to the end of September. For this month the flying time was 735 hours, which is exceptionally good considering the poor weather conditions. Of the various courses on the schedule, the blind-flying course is attracting special attention, and three pupils have already qualified for the A.S.T. certificate of competence, while three others are now receiving instruction in this form of flying. Several more are undergoing the instructor's course; and three others, who contemplate making aviation their profession, are taking long courses of from one to two years' duration. By the end of their training these pupils will have qualified for their "A" and "B" pilots' licences, have completed a blind-flying course, and have been coached in technical subjects which will bring them up to the standard of the "A" and "C" ground engineers' licences and the 2nd class navigator's certificate. Practice in night flying forms part of their course, and a number of pupils who will be taking the tests for their "B" pilot's licence shortly have already received the necessary instruction.



THE 17-H.P. 6-CYLINDER VAUXHALL CADET 2-LIGHT COUPÉ

As can be seen from this photograph, the new design Vauxhall Cadet flush-fitting sliding roof is scarcely visible from the exterior when closed, yet it is absolutely weatherproof and can be opened fully from the driver's seat without stretching



## 1932 RANGE:

12 h.p. from £260 - £335    15 h.p. from £355 - £465  
20 h.p. from £495 - £775    30 h.p.        £1,250  
(ex works)

**T**HE conspicuous success of Armstrong Siddeley cars is due to the determination of the discerning British public to have the very best obtainable at a modest cost.

The 1932 models challenge comparison with anything in, or near, their price. Over and above their Aircraft quality of construction, they have distinctive features—the most important being the self-changing gear—which place them in a class by themselves. "You cannot buy a better car."

**ARMSTRONG  
SIDDELEY**  
WITH  
**SELF-CHANGING GEAR**

Write for Catalogue B.162  
ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY MOTORS LTD., COVENTRY  
LONDON: 10 OLD BOND STREET, W.1.  
Manchester: 35 King Street West. Agents in all centres



Photograph by "Sasha"

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given to the children with equally good results.

## Mr. Matheson Lang

writes

NOW PLAYING IN "ELIZABETH OF ENGLAND" at the CAMBRIDGE THEATRE

"IN recent years in my dual capacity of Actor Manager, the stage and business sides of my calling provide me with such full and strenuous working days that I have found it very useful to employ Phosferine to counteract the resulting nerve strain. There is nothing which so surely dispels the jaded feeling and restores one to normal healthy condition. From many years' experience of being compelled to give myself without stint to my work, I know how very reliable Phosferine is in enabling me to 'pull myself together' and carry on when flagging point is reached."

# PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS FOR

Influenza  
Debility  
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Sleeplessness  
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Neuralgia  
Maternity Weakness  
Weak Digestion  
Mental Exhaustion  
Loss of Appetite

Lassitude  
Neuritis  
Faintness  
Brain Fag  
Anæmia

Nerve Shock  
Malaria  
Rheumatism  
Headache  
Sciatica

From Chemists.

Tablets and Liquid.

The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.

Also take SANACINE Brand Cough Mixture—the most effective Remedy for Colds and Coughs (a Phosferine Product). Tablets and Liquid. 1/3 & 3/-

The  
London  
Shoe Co.  
Ltd.

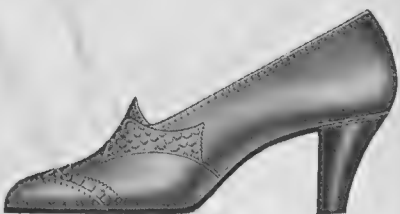
E.4024

Black glaze kid court shoe. Obtainable also in light brown glaze kid. 42/-



C.4772

Brown willow calf, two eyelets tie shoe with crocodile trimming. High leather heel. Also in black box-calf. 38/6



THE LONDON SHOE COMPANY, LIMITED.  
116 & 117 NEW BOND ST., W.1. 21 & 22 SLOANE ST., S.W.1. 260/264 REGENT ST., W.1

## MOTOR LUXURY

Do not neglect to make your motoring really comfortable by providing yourself with a warm, snug, draught-proof rug. A Motoluxe Motor Rug provides just that extra warmth and protection that makes motoring a real pleasure even in the bitterest weather. Motoluxe is made in 25 attractive shades to tone with the upholstery of any car.

Motoluxe Motor Rugs from Five Guineas  
Ladies' Motoluxe Travel Coats  
from Seven and a half Guineas  
Motoluxe Bed Covers  
from Five and a half Guineas  
OF ALL LEADING STORES.

Ask for a foot muff to match your  
Motoluxe Rug - - - 39 6 each  
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EVERY GENUINE MOTOLUXE BEARS THIS LABEL.

**MOTOLUXE**  
THE SNUGGEST  
RUGS



**Air Eddies**—continued from p. 206

fly as the summer deserves support; for the seasonal element must somehow be removed from flying. I have already pointed out that, for learning to fly, the winter presents many advantages over the summer, and the same may be said about the use of an aeroplane.

In the Bristol and Wessex Club's journal there is an account of the landing competition which was won by Mr. R. S. Heaven of Portishead, who brought his machine to a standstill six yards two feet from the mark. The next best result was over ten yards from the mark. The same issue of the journal contains an interesting account of the career of Major E. Cadbury, who is one of the original members of the club. He was one of the greatest experts in the attack of Zeppelins and some of his feats make thrilling reading.

**King's Cup Problems.**

The Royal Aero Club has been tackling the difficult problem of next year's King's Cup air race. There seems to be a fairly general view that the race should not again be confined to amateur pilots, or, if it is so confined, that the definition of the word amateur should be stricter, and should not be allowed to include Royal Air Force officers. That there is scope for a race for amateurs in the true sense of the word cannot be doubted; but that race should not be for the King's Cup. It should be a separate event specially designed to test those qualities which the amateur pilot most desires to develop. And there should be some clause insisting that every pilot should fly solo. This is the only way of ensuring that the pilot does all the work of navigation as well as the actual controlling of the machine. It obviates those often unjustified suggestions made after almost every King's Cup race that the pilots have been merely sitting there and obeying the instructions of navigators in the other seat. Women pilots especially suffer from this kind of suggestion. If a woman carries a man in the passenger's seat it is sure to be said that the man is doing all the navigation.



MR. ERIC MARSHALL

Whose lovely baritone voice will be heard on Tuesday night, November 10, at the Wigmore Hall. His song recital is to include Schubert, Schumann, Grieg, Tschai-kovsky, and Debussy. Mr. Marshall was at one time in musical comedy. He has done a lot of recording for gramophone purposes

In the King's Cup race attention should be concentrated upon providing a really important event and upon nothing else whatever. The difficulties of running the race and of handling large numbers of entries can be overcome if they are firmly tackled. The first need is to ensure that it shall be a big and important event.

**Petrol Vapour**—cont. from p. 208

this for yourself, at this very minute on the clock, if you stood on my front doorstep, for there awaits me the charming little Morris-Cowley sliding-roof saloon on which I have been doing a deal of joyous motoring these last few days—and what wonderful days they have been. Made me very sorry, they did, for the people who have either had to or have chosen to "lay their cars by"—for they have missed the best of the year. This Cowley—she is the 11.9-h.p. pattern, but you can get a 14-h.p. motor at no extra charge—is a most insinuating little divvie. At first I thought she was a shade noisy, but that was only because she had a note of her own. Within a very short time my ear was attuned to it, and I will now say that it is both pleasant and unobtrusive—it betokens complete mechanical contentment under the bonnet. And you are to know that the engine—which runs so non-vibrationously that it is very hard to believe it is only a "four"—is a creature of spirit. It was, to me, very nice to get hold of something that had an ignition advance to which it would respond, for I do not love the motor which does everything with the little lever right up against the "A." And let me tell you that, although there are only three speeds, you can average choicely well, with full load, on Miss Cowley, for she will "revv" up to high figures and keep on "revving," and she has excellent braking (Lockheed hydraulic) that gives one any amount of confidence. It goes without saying that she is very beautifully turned out, both externally and internally, with almost every imaginable item of detail equipment. A real motor-car indeed—at what a price! £185. The looks of the car make it hard to realize that such a figure is possible—on the open road it becomes harder still.

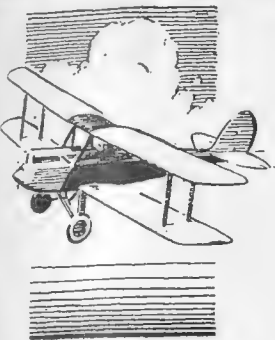


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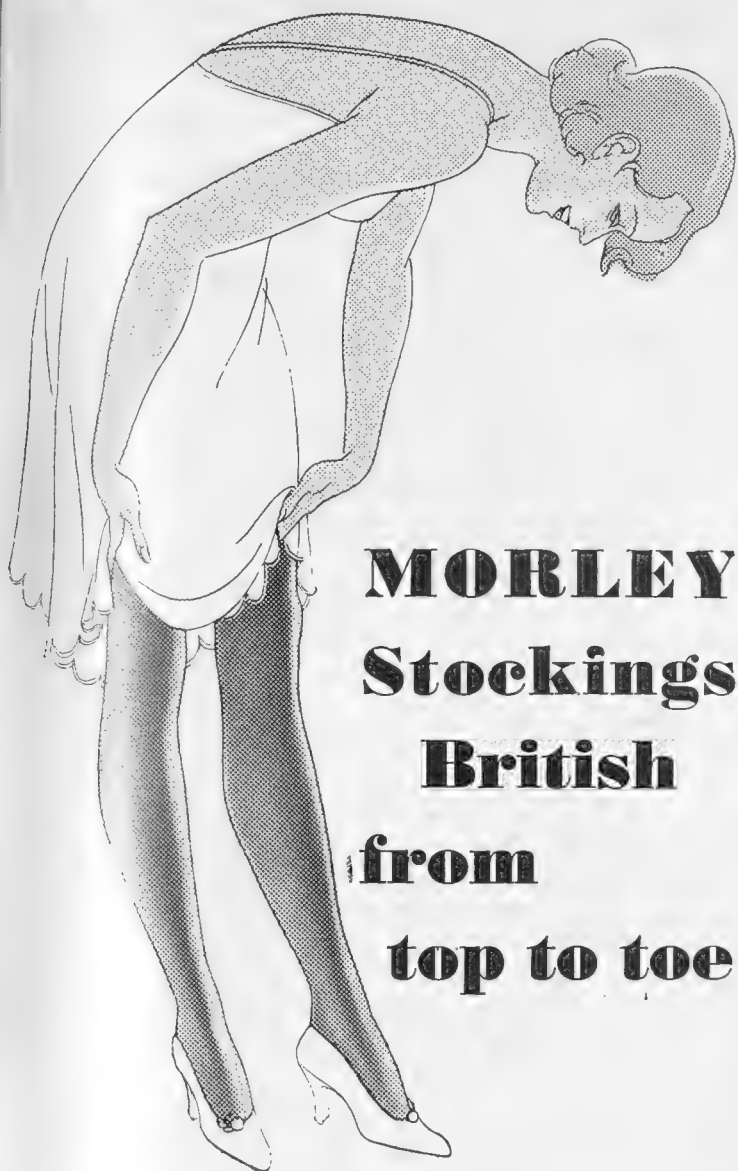
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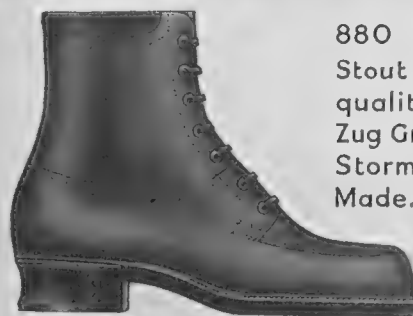
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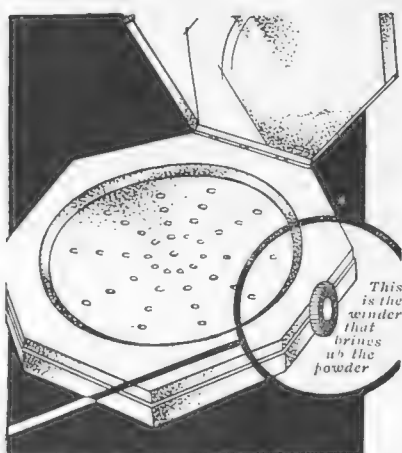
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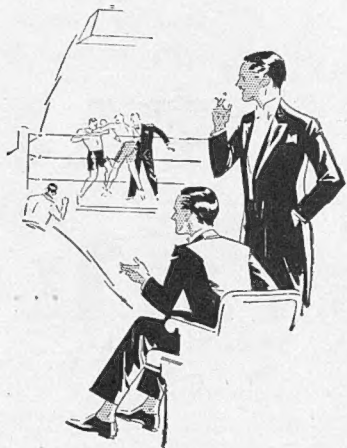
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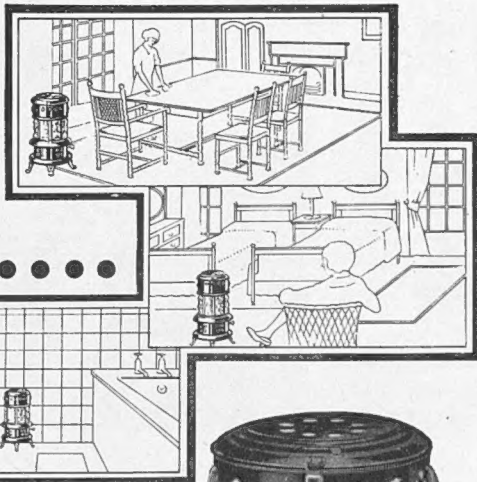
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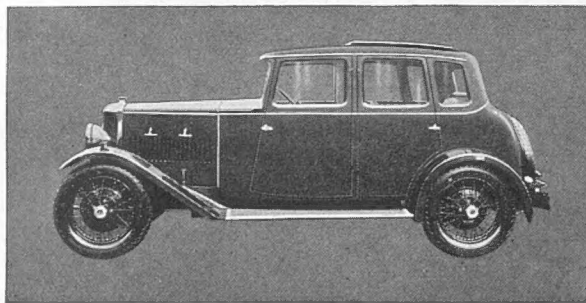
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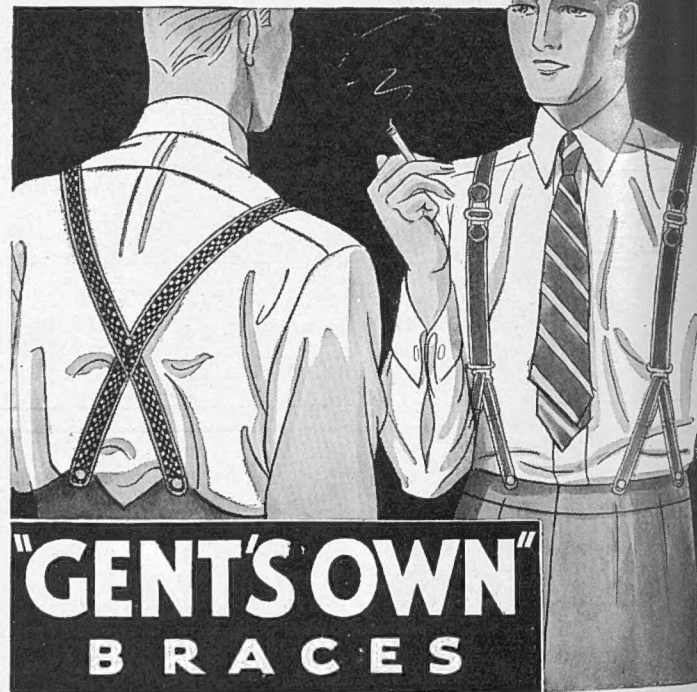
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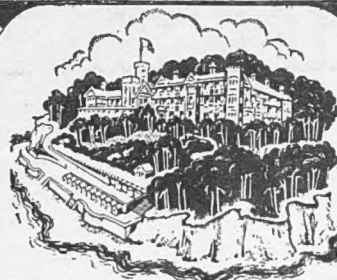
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*She refused to allow him to see any woman younger than herself.*

## A story to read and re-read MANUEL GODOY

described by Norman Hill, painted by F. Matania, R.I.

"This young man felt in his pocket for the letter of introduction which his father had given to him to one of the ladies-in-waiting at the court, together with the certificate of nobility, without which no cavalier had much hopes of success in the most conservative and narrow-minded of all the palaces in Europe. He wished there were more coins in his purse, and sighed as he handed over his horse to the ostler at the poor inn where he decided to obtain lodging for the night.

Such was the undistinguished arrival of Manuel Godoy to the capital of Spain. Few men who were to leave their stamp on history began their careers so unobtrusively. Certainly no one in Madrid that hot afternoon dreamed for a moment that this young nobleman from Estremadura was to become the most hated man of his day, and was to leave behind him a reputation which would be execrated even a hundred and thirty years after his death. On the contrary, Madrid just smiled its usual languid smile. The matrons in the streets looked straight before them. The men in their coloured coats ogled from the shadows of the white walls in the way that the men of Madrid do to this day. The youth of the city went to the bull ring. Incredibly dirty beggars beseeched the gift of small coins at the steps of the churches.

Manuel Godoy drank a bottle of wine in a small tavern and looked out on the scene before him. He had never seen a great city before. In the course of a day or two the young man presented his letter of introduction to the camarista who was acquainted with his father. She took one glance at the document and another at the homespun clothes of young Godoy. . . ."

*Everybody says there's nothing quite like*

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